



WHERE THE HEART IS

Macbeth Lens



Taking Chances is Criminal

Wherever the protection of life is necessary you find Macbeth Lenses.

On the mighty dreadnaught these powerful lenses stand guard against night perils. On the sea mariners are warned of dangerous shoals by Macbeth Lenses flashing in light-houses.

Your safety driving an automobile at night demands this same high degree of lens efficiency.

Macbeth lens gives you the light that's right—scientifically and legally right!

Forty years' experience is responsible for its perfection.

This lens complies with various state laws.

Laws demand the right kind of light—Macbeth gives it, *all of it on the road* where you need it.

The green glass enameled visor is an integral part of the lens.

Macbeth Lens is the signal of safety and courtesy to other drivers, and dresses up your car, gives it a tone and a touch of distinction.

All the upward rays of light are re-directed down. This makes use of otherwise useless light; makes a safety of otherwise dangerous light.

The front surface of the Lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with scientific accuracy.

These prisms re-direct the rays at the correct angle to give a long light, and concentrated brilliance on the road—not in the air or in the eyes of approaching drivers!

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential side lighting to illuminate the edge of the road in turning corners.

Don't take chances with bright lights, dimmers or inferior lenses.

Get legal protection, greater safety and satisfaction—by using Macbeth Lenses.

Macbeth Lenses for motor cars are made the same careful and scientific way as Macbeth searchlights and lenses for harbors, dreadnaughts and battleships.

Price per pair \$5—Denver and West \$5.50—Canada \$6—Winnipeg and West \$6.50

Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco; St. Louis.
Macbeth-Evans Glass Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

• LIFE •

Columbia Grafonola



Take a Holiday and Hear the Columbia Grafonola

GO to the Columbia dealer's and make yourself at home. Play the instrument as if it were your own. Ask for any record in the list as if you owned them all. Play the ones you like as often as you want. Know the Columbia. Get acquainted with it, ask questions, take your time, and the experience of buying a phonograph will be one you'll always look back upon with pleasure.

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at \$18 to \$250

Period designs up to \$2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York





Increasingly Popular

Hollenden patronage is on a steadily rising curve.

In its appointments, its facilities, and its ability to meet every requirement of changing ideas, The Hollenden constantly maintains its position as a thoroughly modern, first-class hotel.

The Hollenden
Cleveland

THINGS WORTH WHILE

GOOD RESTAURANTS

GOOD SERVICE

GOOD MUSIC

AND

CLYSMIC

OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

About Ben "Wilhelm"

(With appropriate apologies)

ABOU BEN "WILHELM" (may his tribe decrease!)

Awoke one night from a horror of peace,
 And saw by aid of moonlight through the pane
 Dripping with blood of women slain in shame
 Satan himself, writing in a Book of Flame.

Exceeding war had made Ben Wilhelm bold,
 And to the Devil in the room he said:
 "What writest thou?" Then Satan raised his head
 And, with a jest at thought of Belgium's dead,
 Answered: "The names of those to whom I turn
 For guidance in my realm below."

"And is mine one?" said Wilhelm. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the Devil. Wilhelm spoke more low,
 But wearily still, and said as one forlorn:
 "Write me as one the War Was Forced Upon!"

The Devil wrote and vanished. The next day
 He came again, with manner cheered and gay,
 And showed the names of those who'd grace Hell's throne
 And lo! Ben Wilhelm's name was all alone!

A. B. Warren.

"Kindly and Considerately"

SEMI-OFFICIAL agencies in Berlin have denied indignantly that Germans intend to treat American prisoners systematically worse than British, French and Italian prisoners. "American prisoners," says the denial, "will be treated just as kindly and considerately as all other prisoners." Ambassador Gerard and other reputable observers have told us how British and French prisoners in Germany were starved, shot, exposed to disease, herded in filthy quarters and set upon by fierce dogs. In spite of the German talk of kindness and consideration, it will probably be some time before American soldiers seek German prison camps for rest, recreation or relaxation.

K. L. R.



"WHY DON'T YE SPANK HIM, MOTHER? DON'T BE A PACIFIST"

The favorite sampler



"Started
in 1842"

©
S. F. W. & Son

Men who like their candy gifts to create more than the usual pleasure, with something of "surprise" added, are very apt to send the Sampler. Certainly few women can resist the quaint charm of its appeal, or the daintiness and originality of its sweets.

The Sampler typifies Whitman's—famous since 1842. Each dainty chocolate and confection in this unique assortment is a delightful "sample" of the quality which has won for Whitman's a national reputation and a national vogue.

The Sampler is sold by the leading drug stores (nearly everywhere) which are Whitman agents. One dollar the pound, or we will mail a Sampler to you postpaid on receipt of your order, if no agent is near you.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

· LIF
12 to 15% more
weight

More and better
rubber and fabric
give Michelin Tires
greater durability



MICHELIN U



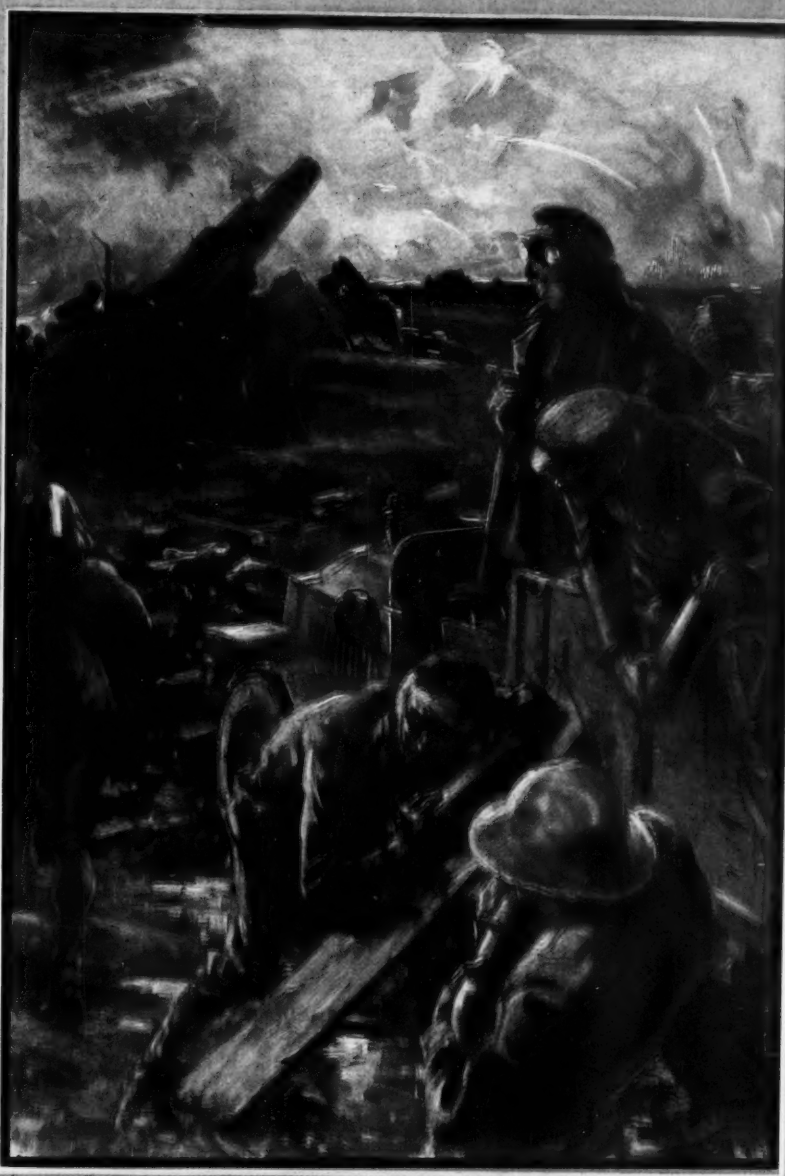
One of the best ways to judge a tire is to weigh it, for mileage depends in a large measure on the quantity of quality materials. Of course, weight might be due to many factors that do not improve quality, such as unnecessary wire in the beads, or weight-giving compounds. But once assured that only quality-giving materials are used, then weight is an excellent guide to durability.

In selecting tires, therefore, have your dealer weigh the different makes you are considering. You will find that Michelin Universals weigh 12 to 15 per cent more than the average, the percentage varying with the size of the tire.

This extra weight, due to extra quality rubber and fabric (and no one questions Michelin Quality), means that you have a right to expect extra mileage from Michelins. Yet Michelins cost no more than average tires.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, Milltown, New Jersey

UNIVERSAL



Painted by André Castaigne · Knight of the Legion of Honor

DURATEX

No stronger guarantee of its quality could be written than the war department's approval of DURATEX for the upholstery of the air planes and motor trucks Uncle Sam is sending to France to help make the world safe for democracy. DURATEX is the finest and most practical upholstery material made

THE DURATEX COMPANY Newark, N.J.

W. A. Kip
President

Simple and Cheap

A BALTIMORE man who had charge of a gang of darkies in an oyster cannery, was approached one day by one of the men, who asked for a day off to get married.

"Why, Ah thought you was already a married man," said the manager.

"Suah, boss, Ah'm a mahried man. Ah'm mahried goin' on foah times, now."

"Well, yoah suah have had bad luck burying so many wives, George."

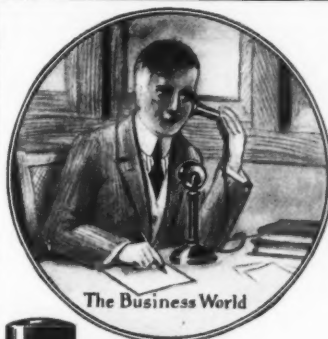
"No, boss, none er dem women done died on me yit."

"Not dead? Then yoah have had lots of experience in the divorce coahs, George."

"Deed, boss, Ah hain't never done git a 'vorce yit, neither. Hit's dis heh way. Me'n Mirandy we's mahried 'bout a yehr, an' den ev'rything done bus' up an' we goes sep'rate ways. 'Bout a yeah, an' Mirandy she comes ter me an' she says she want ter git mahried to Caleb Crane, an' axes me if she do, does Ah goin' make trouble fo'h her. 'Sakes no, Mirandy,' Ah tells her. Yoah go 'long an' git mahried to Caleb, an' Ah'll git mahried to Sukey White. Well, boss, me'n Sukey we gits mahried all right, but pretty soon ev'ryting done bus' up 'tween us, an' we leaves. Den Ah mahries Lily Williams, an' Sukey mahries agin, too. Now Lily'n me's done split up, too, an' Ah's coahstin' Vi'let Harrison."

"But aren't you afraid the lawyers will be getting you for bigamy, George? There are laws against marrying without a divorce, you know."

"Lawsee, boss! Ah doan mess up none wid dem lawyers, an' Ah reckon dey won't mess up none wid me. An' as fer dem laws—what do de laws keer 'bout what a niggah do?"



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The Scholar's World
The Social Whirl
All use the best known Pen



The Social Whirl

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

This is the Pen Dependable

It is the friend of most writers and thinkers. It is the confident of men and women of affairs in private and public business. It consummates the great affairs of the world and its statesmen. It retains the home ties during absence. It keeps friendships intact. It is the chum of students the world over, and an inseparable companion for the traveler or camper on land or sea, in peace or war—a world of help within itself. It is a good pen, made to last.

In Self-Filling, Safety and Regular Types. A style for every preference and a pen point for every "hand." \$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up.

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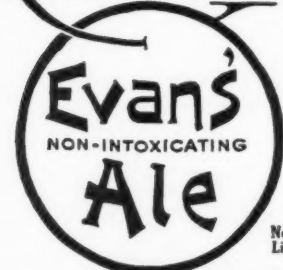
THE State Board of Health of New Jersey, upon the opinion of the Attorney General, appears to entertain moral opinions which differ so radically from the archaic standards of most boards of health as to deserve special mention. This B. of H. has actually had the temerity to deny the application made by Rutgers College to practice vivisection.

The law in question was passed more particularly for the purpose of permitting the Rockefeller Institute to practice vivisection. That is bad enough. But if the application had also been granted to Rutgers, a precedent would have been established which would have enabled any school in the state to inaugurate classes in vivisection.

Think of the possibility of perverting the minds of young people in this wholesale way!

ou can drink all you want of

cheeona



The more you drink
the better for yourself

Up to date Grocers, Druggists and Dealers

H. EVANS & SONS, Established 1786, HUDSON, N. Y.

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Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Fashions, Newspaper, Magazine Illustrating, Pastel crayon portraits and posters. Earn big money. By our simple method your talent is quickly developed without interfering with present work. By Mail or Local Classes. The largest practical Art School in the world. Write for full particulars and list of successful pupils. ART STUDIOS, 958 Flatiron Building, New York, N. Y.

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When the War Ends



JOHN BULL WILL HAVE A HEART.



THIS WILL BE NO DREAM



AND SATAN WILL BE BOUND DOWN FOR 1000 YEARS



EVERYBODY WILL OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Meanwhile, it is just as well to remind you that unless you are spry or are a regular subscriber, you may miss next week's LIFE.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

32 LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Our soldiers and sailors all like LIFE. Send them your copy when you have read it, or, better yet, enter a subscription.

Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.

Copy of Miniature LIFE, No. 4, will be sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp.





"How did we do it—before we had the Mimeograph?" queries her boss. "It has cut down our operating staff and our office expense. But better still, it has saved great chunks of *precious time*—and that's what counts now." The Mimeograph prints *better* letters, bulletins, forms, blanks, etc.—with diagrams and illustrations if you wish—*quicker* than ever before. Let us show you. *A word of caution:* The Edison-Dick Mimeograph and the supplies which we manufacture for it are made *to work together*. Upset this relationship, the work suffers, and our responsibility for its quality and output ceases. Substitute inferior supplies and the result is the sure waste of both valuable time and materials. You do not know what splendid work the Mimeograph can do unless you have seen the new Mimeograph operating under proper conditions. Write for booklet "W"—today. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.





"Just a Song at Twilight"

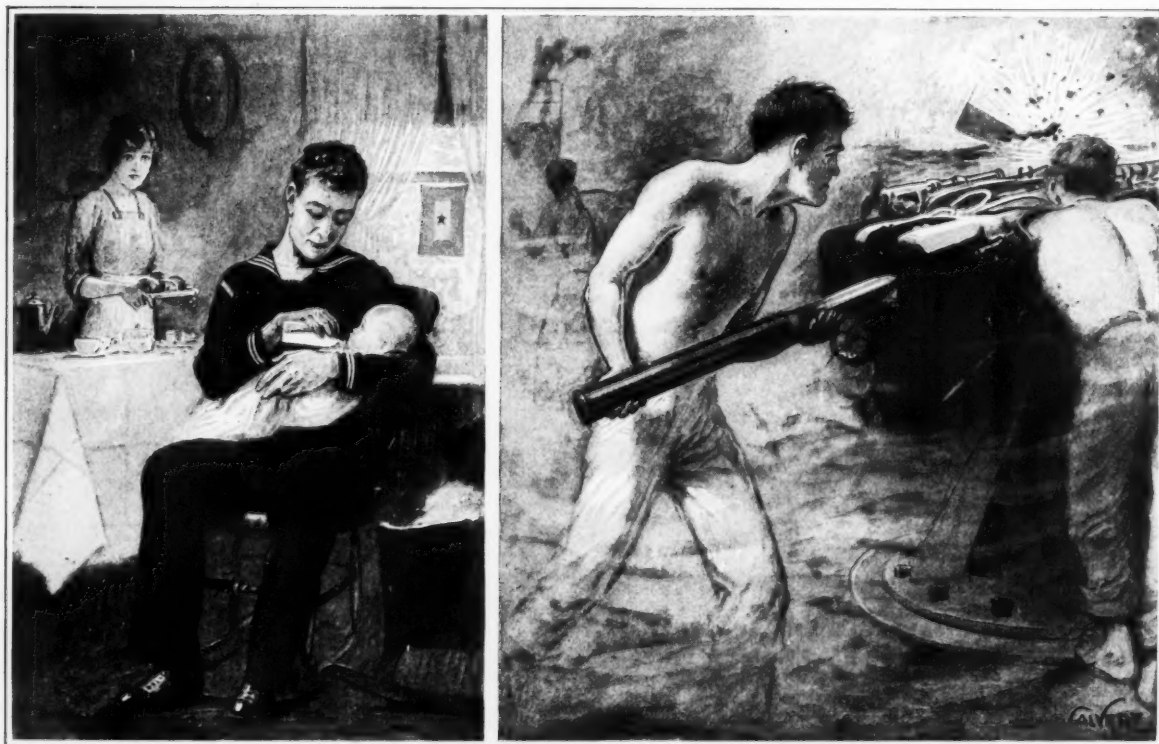
If I Should Die

IF I should die in Flanders field,
 If I should die in France,
 Oh, take me out and bury me
 Beneath some friendly poplar tree
 (Those poplar trees of France!)
 Oh, keep me near, where I can hear
 Those roaring guns of France.

If I should lie in Flanders field
 Beneath the sod of France,
 There let me stay till victory
 Is come, and all the world is free
 (God grant this boon to France!)
 Oh, let me stay to see the day
 That freedom comes to France.

Then take me far from Flanders field
 When freedom comes to France;
 Return me to the very land
 I love the best, my Maryland
 (It's sweeter far than France!)
 Oh, bring me home to Maryland
 And say: He died for France.

Robert Garland.



DUTIES
 AT HOME AND ABROAD



"EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THIS HEAVEN? IF IT IS, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE ST. PETER."
 "YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, YOUNG FELLOW. ST. PETER HAS JUST BEEN APPOINTED FOOD CONSERVATOR,
 AND IS NOW LOOKING FOR A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR NECTAR AND AMBROSIA."

Hop-Smokers

RELIABLE despatches from Amsterdam inform us that the principal ingredient of a new and popular German substitute-tobacco is hops. It has long been known that the smoke of hops, when inhaled, tends to induce soothing dreams and roseate visions. To hear the Germans tell it, Hindenburg is about to break the Western front into small pieces and eat the restaurants of Paris into bankruptcy, the Russians are ready to dis-

gorge an indemnity of four billion dollars, the American army is sure to fall down and break a leg before it has a chance to fight, and the whole world is on the verge of groveling before the Kaiser and his noble army and suing for peace in shrill yelps. If the Germans don't stop their orgy of hop-smoking we may soon expect them to announce that their air-fleets are about to raid the moon and bomb it into submission for daring to shine on their opponents.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Collective Nouns Politically Defined for New York

A COMPANY: Mr. Wickersham, Mr. G. Pinchot, Dr. Butler.

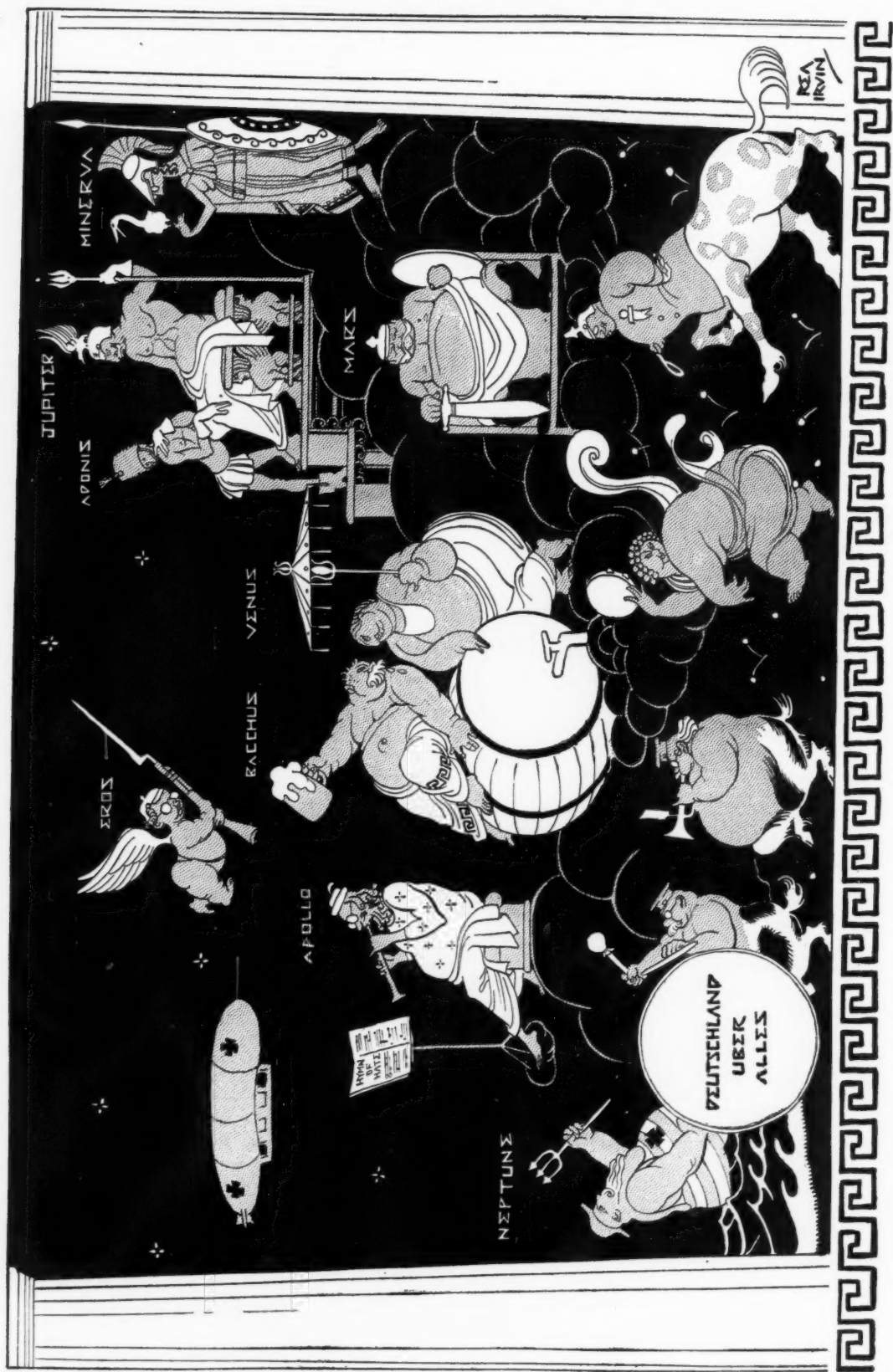
A Coterie: The Mayor, Mr. Undermyer, Mr. Hearst.

A Bunch: Mr. Amos Pinchot and the two Eastmans.

A Gang: Mr. Murphy.

Echoes

OUT of the mouths of babes—"Come some embarrassing family secrets in public."



OLYMPUS RESTORED

The Celestial Idea

OUR admired contemporary, the *Kansas City Star*, has been musing on the characteristics of Celestials and Carnals, so called in this paper. It has got the general idea about their political species fairly straight, but it falls down on illustration. For example, it suggests that "the program of the Celestials seems to have been given a pretty whole-hearted try-out in Russia," where the Carnals had been smashed flat, the brotherhood of man proclaimed, and the army dissolved by way of softening the German heart. But it didn't soften. "Somehow," says the *Star*, "the Celestials didn't have their feet planted solidly enough on earth to make their doctrine stick."

* * *

NO; they didn't. But it is lamentably misleading to call Trotzky and Lenine Celestials. Mr. Wilson is our leading Celestial. Are Trotzky and Lenine anything like him? He may want to medicate the existing order; doubtless he does; but does he want to annihilate it? He may object to capitalistic control of nations; doubtless he does; but does he want to sequester or abolish capital? He may believe in universal brotherhood; many good people do; but does he show any symptom of desire to dissolve our armies?

On the contrary, devoted as he is to peace and mindful to promote it; much as he hates war and desires to abolish it; he is about the last man who would lie down and let the Germans tramp over him and have their brutal will with the world.

* * *

EVERY party has a fringe of asses; of men who have missed or lost the power to think, and can only put their heads down and go it blind. The Celestials have such a fringe; the Carnals also. But parties are not run and should not be judged by their fringes, but by the depositaries of their intel-

ligence and the controllers of their politics; that is, by their leaders. The jig is up with any party when its fringe of asses gets control.

That is what seems to have happened in Russia. The true Celestials there were swamped. First the rotten Russian Carnals were knocked out—the Carnals who were all for the existing rotten order; who betrayed Russia in the interest of it; who sent unarmed troops against Germans and contrived an unnecessary starvation for political purposes. If ever a gang was ripe for perdition, it was those rotten Russian Carnals. The decent Russian Carnals hated them. Russia rose against them, and they went by the board.

But then the Revolution ran away from Kerensky, and the huge fringe of ignorance and reckless ambition and impossible aspiration that surrounded the Russian Celestials ran away with everything, and headed duly for the steep place that leads down in the sea.

* * *

THAT story, so far as it is gone, is tragical enough, but there is more coming, and it does not really prejudice the Celestial movement. It has been said, with a fair showing of authority, that love rules the world, and there are respectable characters who hold that nothing else will ever rule it right. But no respected character ever held that the world could get along without law, justice and order. All the Celestials worth considering are advocates and supporters of these essentials to human happiness. They are not anarchists nor robbers. They do not aspire to abolish thrift, or ham-string enterprise, or hold everybody down to an equality in material possessions. Neither do they hope or aspire to put the foolish in charge of the wise, to make their laws and govern them. They differ from the standard Carnals only in being more persuaded that the quality of law and order and justice that has been heretofore relied on in this world is not high enough for the world's pres-

ent needs, and must be bettered in the interest of everyone.

* * *

IT might be said that the Celestials aim to make earth more like heaven, and then it might, and probably would, be said that that was a vain hope, because conditions were so different. But what is really our idea of heaven? Is it a place where everybody goes his own gait without regard for the other souls? Is it a place where all the souls are equal in capacity, condition and office? Is it a place where the foolish are herded together to pack the primaries and run the show, or where combinations of the powerful make the conditions of celestial life difficult and sombre for the less efficient?

Nobody has any such ideas of heaven. They think of it as supremely well managed, and that implies management. They think of it as a place that never has to be reformed and that enjoys a blessed and eternal immunity from reformers. They think of it as a place where souls will no longer be nagged by asses who want to mould them to match bad patterns, but where, somehow, things will work right, and they will get what they ought to want, and like it.

* * *

NOT any of the compromising nonsense that intrudes upon our minds when we plan for the improvement of earth assails them when we imagine heaven. We infer for it order, justice, liberty, all under an irresistible authority, which is love.

In so far as our political Celestials model their hopes for earth on the idea of heaven they are all right. And in so far as the Carnals, even the best of them, cling over-much to the muck-rake and compute earth's future from its past, they are a little behind-hand in their politics. They must look up if they are to rise, and look ahead if they are to go forward. As good a world as has been won't do. They must see a world that is to be.

E. S. M.

Life's Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize, . . . \$500.00
Second Prize, . . . \$200.00
Third Prize, . . . \$100.00

With Special Prizes for Soldiers and Sailors

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one. Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case a prize is won by a Soldier or Sailor \$100.00 extra will be added to the first prize, \$50.00 extra to the second and \$25.00 extra to the third. By the term Soldier and Sailor is meant anyone, no matter what the rank, in the uniformed forces of the United States government. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these terms the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on May 6, 1918, no manuscripts received after that time being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for



For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page

the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.

Battlefield Wanted

"I WOULD rather be on a battlefield any day than in a pulpit," declares the Rev. Samuel S. McKibben of Bayonne, N. J.

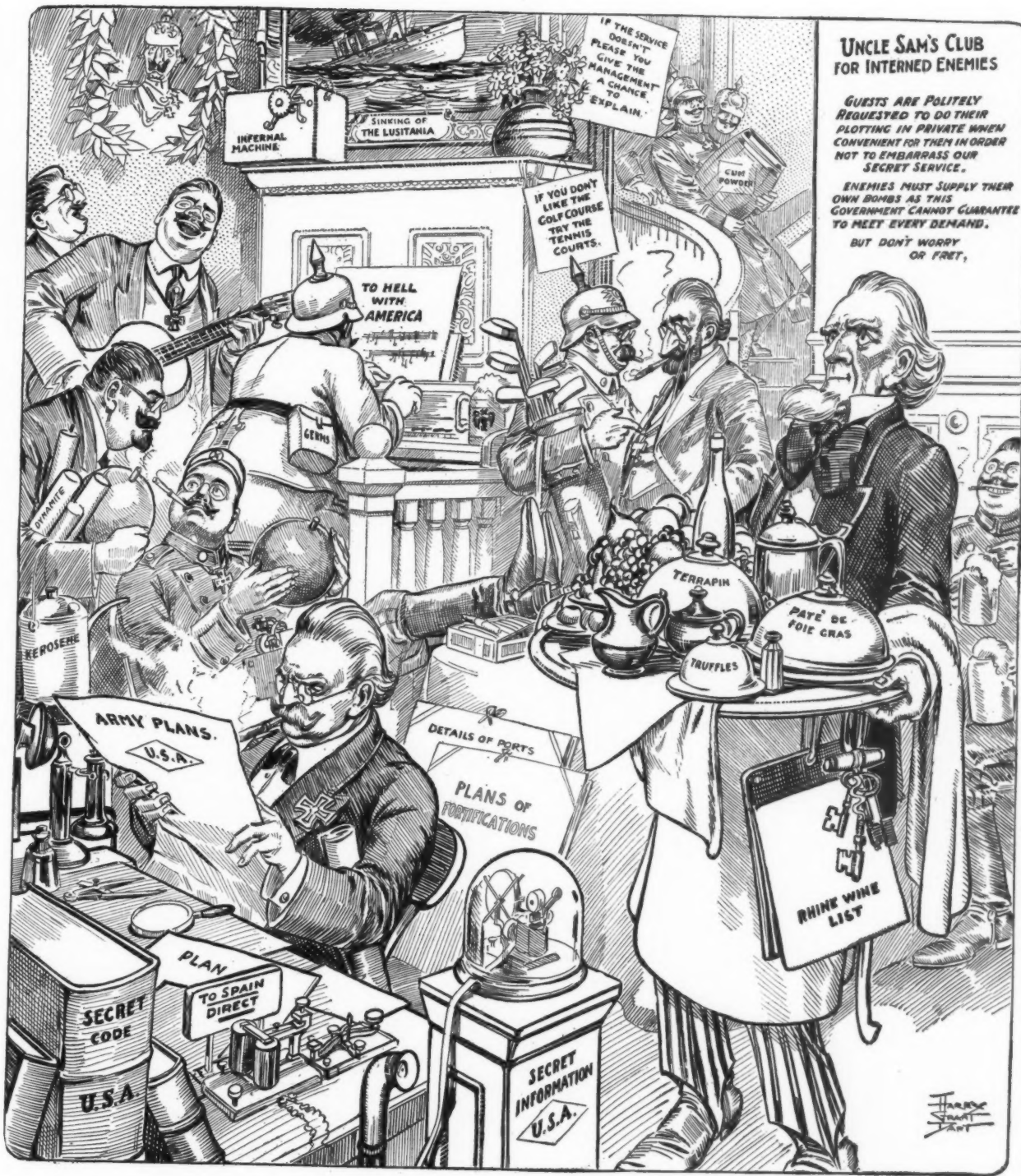
There should be no difficulty in accommodating this good sir. Battlefields are plentiful these days, almost as plentiful as pulpits, and all of them are fitted up with the comforts and luxuries which are necessary to a modern up-to-date battlefield. So all Mr. McKibben has to do is pick the one that suits him best and go to it.

Laudable Indeed

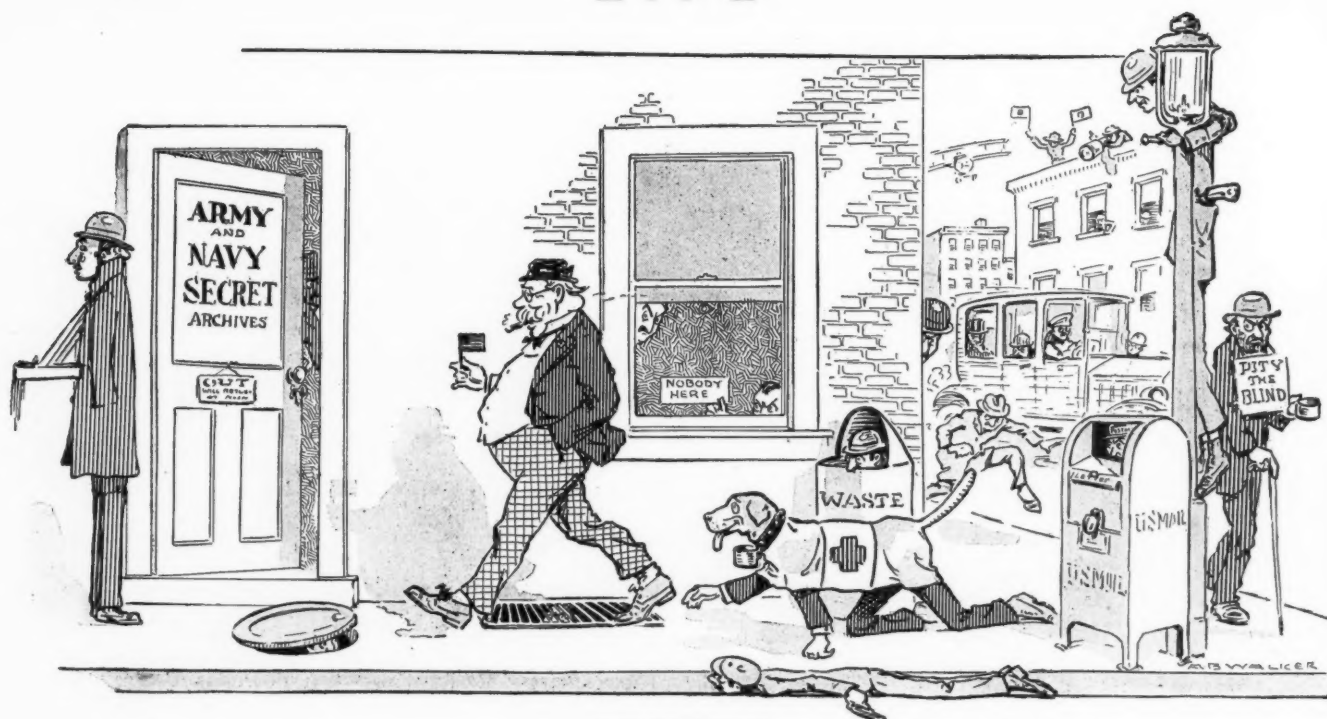
"I KNOW a young actor with a laudable ambition."

"What is it?"

"He wants to star in a service flag."



GOODNESS KNOWS, WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN TO MAKE THE POOR FELLOWS HAPPY



OVER-CONFIDENCE

German Spy: ACH! BUT DOSE AMERICANS ARE SUCH STUPID BLOCKHEADS AND SO EASY TO FOOL. NOT ONE OF THEM WOULD EVER SUSPECT ME

Notes on Food

THE kitchen is mightier than the trench.

The proper way to keep ourselves in condition and still win the war would be to live on what we have hitherto wasted and send the rest to the boys at the front. We would then have plenty.

There is no sense in having one wheatless or meatless day a week in a family, because those days might be the ones in which meat and crusts are left over and can be most economically used. But in every family every day should be a stuffless day.

Far be it from us to assert that the wonderful enthusiasm displayed by some city hotels in being stingy with lumps of sugar is due to the fact that sugar has never been charged for.

Appreciated

MR. BAKER now does everything except what Mr. McAdoo does.

One of them should be credited with that nice thaw the second week in February.

NEVER complain that your confidence has been betrayed. The fault is yours for pouring unsafe talk into a leaky mind. You do not blame a leaky pail for leaking. Blame yourself for not knowing it leaked.



FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN

"L'Appetite" restaurant suit of linsey-woolsey, with bib of seersucker. The trousers are Hooverized satin.

Combination motor coat and shelter-tent. The gas mask is detachable, and the coat is imported tar-paper.



A WAR BRIDEGROOM



"GRACIOUS, LITTLE BOY! AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOU'LL CATCH COLD WITH YOUR LEGS EXPOSED THAT WAY?"

Women and Talk

THE efforts made by Secretary Daniels to keep naval ladies from talking about their husbands are to be commended, but will they succeed? To all married women the whereabouts of their husbands is always a matter for concern and for comparison. When husbands are engaged in the patriotic business of fighting for their country, their wives should be discreet in their endeavors to locate them too publicly; a few words might easily be enough to convey important information to an alert enemy. The flight of a deadly torpedo might be the result of an idle remark dropped by a woman at a Washington dinner party.

The only time a woman is likely to remain silent about her husband is when he is in bad company. When she gets him home alone she may wallop him well, but she will rarely advertise him.

"Life" and Public Health

THE *Public Health Journal* of Toronto says:

The attitude of New York LIFE on the war has been one to inspire the admiration and respect of all Canadians. A constant and consistent hatred and criticism of the ideals of the Hun as well as a fearless advocacy of the cause which the Anglo-Saxons and their Allies hold dear has been an inspiration to lovers of democracy the world over.

For those words, our sincere thanks.

Our friend also says:

It is with the regret with which one finds fault with a friend, then, that we find it necessary to criticize. Unfortunately, LIFE's fault is so blatant that people interested in public health have avoided reference to it only because of the other sterling qualities which LIFE exhibits.

The value of small-pox vaccination is established except in the minds of persons who are either poorly educated or fanatics.

Again, thanks.

But if the choice is given us between those two things, "poorly educated" or "fanatics," we prefer "fanatics." Fanatic and crank are closely related, and LIFE has always taken a certain pride in being a crank.

However, it is our friend's opening words that we persist in remembering. Just like us, to remember only those pleasant, opening words.



REV. GENTLEMAN WAS ALWAYS A LITTLE PUZZLED AS TO WHY A VERY WORLDLY MEMBER OF HIS CONGREGATION ENJOYED HIS SERMONS SO MUCH.



"GEE! I PASSED IN FRENCH AT COLLEGE, TOO"

As Bad as Germans

NO doubt our fellow citizens in Tennessee abhor the misdeeds of the Germans and want to win the war just as much as we do.

But when a squad of them torture and then burn a negro, as happened last month, it breaks teeth out of our protestation that the Prussians are deeper sunk in barbarism than other people, and must be beaten to save the moral standards of the world.

If our fellow patriots in Tennessee would punch up their state authorities to catch and hang some of the fellow citizens who burned the negro it would help us to maintain our just and proper attitude about the Prussians.

The Federal Constitution (Amendment VIII) forbids cruel and unusual punishments, even for negroes, but the Federal government has been used to rely on the states to make the prohibition good.

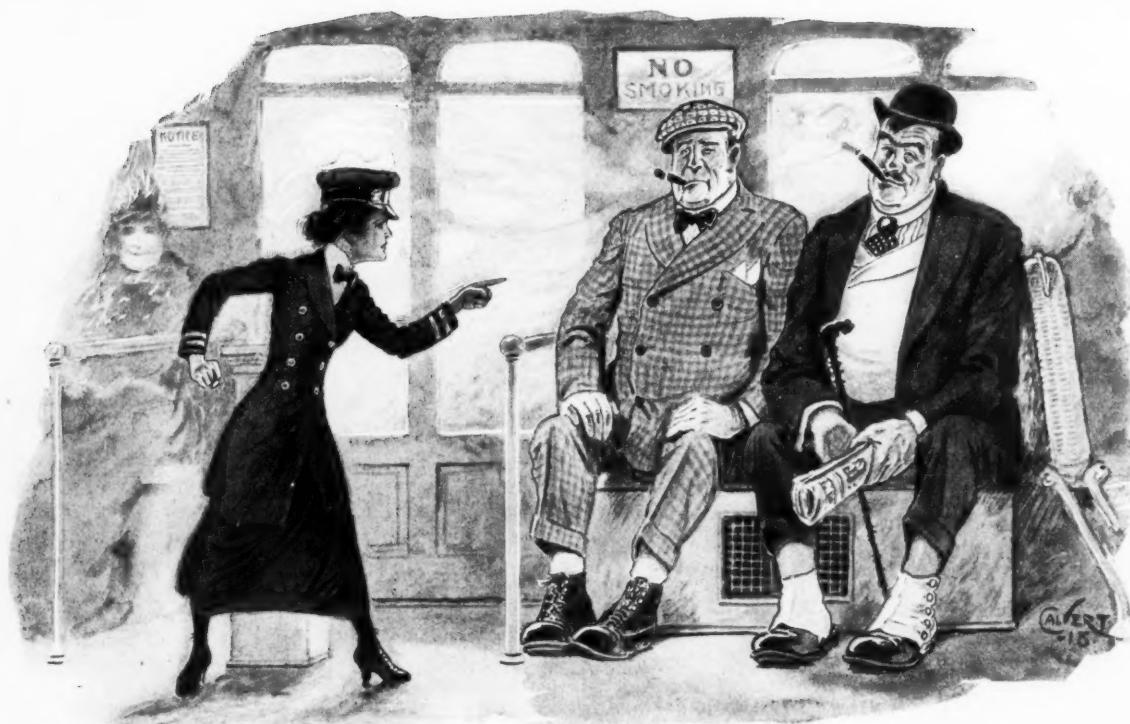
But if states won't do it, why should not the Federal authorities take hold?

"SHE goes to church regularly, doesn't she?"

"Oh, yes—hasn't missed an Easter in years."



CONGRESSMAN JEKYLL AND HYDE



"SAY! IF YOU GUYS DON'T CHUCK THOSE CIGARS, I'LL CHUCK YER OFF. SEE?"

Our Weekly School Column

Questions of the Day

WHY was Prohibition forced by Congress on the country at a time when all of our energies were needed to prosecute the war?

Why has Leonard Wood been relegated to oblivion?

Why was a pacifist chosen for Secretary of War?

For the progress of the war, is the cause of woman suffrage an essential or a non-essential?

Why were all contracts for the army, including blankets, tents, clothing, etc., kept secret and not open to competitive bidding?

Why did Secretary of War Garrison resign?

When a pronounced German sympathizer talks and acts like an alien enemy, why does it take so long before he is interned—if at all?

And if he is taken up, and anything happens to him afterward, why is he fed on the fat of the land?

What is the total amount of property destroyed in this country by Germans since the war began?

MISSIONARY: And such earnest, sincere Christians I have never seen, as our converts at Goola-goola!

DEACON BUTTS: Oh, well, you cannot expect real Christians to enthuse over Christianity like untutored savages!

Bravado!

ADAM (as the fatal moment approaches): Eve, I confess I'm getting terribly nervous.

EVE: Nonsense! Be a sport! Don't let the Lord know you care!



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

"CONFOUND IT! THERE GOES MY BATH!"



"Together you will win"



MARCH 21, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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SINCE the administration seems so insistent that everyone who reads should read the *Metropolitan Magazine*, we ought to do it, and so perhaps help win the war.

But why so much government relief for a periodical that seems to be prospering by its own efforts?

And if it is not, why worry!

There used to be an understanding that the *Metropolitan* was owned and ministered to financially by the same lavish hand that mixed the cocktail and contrived the cigarette named "H. P. W.," and one recalls hearing the gossips say five or six years ago that Mr. Whitney had put up a final fifty thousand dollars that was to make the last experiment with the *Metropolitan* and either see it a winner or bury it. It must have been about that time that it took on a new set of looks and a new mentality, contributed, we suppose, by Mr. Whigham, the able Scottish-born and Oxford-taught, golfing, war-correspondent editor, who insisted on running ideas into the magazine. Elderly readers, whose memories go back to things before the war, may recall that his first intellectual speculation was concerned with Socialism, alleviated, of course (and skilfully), with colored ink, pictures and fiction.

It is no more than the truth to say that somebody, Mr. Whigham, presumably, put a lively, sporting, H. P. W. article of brains into the *Metropolitan*, and that after years of lingering and hanging around it began to move along. When the war came along, with an editor born and taught as

above said, and who had been a war correspondent in every scrap since '98, of course it was prompt and hot for the war, and, as was natural and commendable, for the Allies. So it went along with increasing speed, and after a while, finding Colonel Roosevelt like minded, it drew him in as a contributor of editorial war discourse.

It really did not need the remarkable advertisement Mr. Baker bestowed on it by singling it out to quote from in his testimony before the Senate committee, nor yet the still more recent distinction conferred by the Post Office, in compelling persons who wished to keep informed to buy the March number and read Mr. Whigham's assault on Mr. Garfield and Mr. Wilson, and Mr. William Hard's ingeniously simulated conversation between Mr. Wilson and other statesmen.

After Mr. Baker went for Mr. Whigham in all the newspapers in the country, it was natural and fraternal that Mr. Whigham, being of a sportsman-like disposition, should get back at Mr. Baker and all his set at earliest convenience. His own piece is just ordinary, vigorous knock-down-and-drag-out, and doesn't seem to have dismayed anybody beyond their power of self-control. Mr. Hard's piece was evidently a special effort, bearing evidences of research and other exertion such as would have scared off all lazy readers, if it hadn't been for busybodies who wrote to the Post Office Department and stirred up Mr. Solicitor Lamar to warn Mr. Postmaster Patten in New York that the *Metropolitan* would bear watching. Forthwith Mr. Patten, by the hand of his assistant, Mr. Murphy,

and "in accordance with advice from the Solicitor of the Post Office," notified the *Metropolitan's* publishers that their March number was "non-mailable under the Espionage Act."

This was glorious, of course, for Mr. Whigham. Mr. Hard's article was long and rather weary, and one seems to notice that Mr. Lamar put the reading of it off on to Mr. Patten, and Mr. Patten on to Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Murphy cheerfully inferred that Mr. Lamar had read it, and let go his bomb.

The article contains about the same assortment of disclosure about American dealings around the Caribbean as Mr. Moorfield Storey's sad exhibition of American duplicity in the *Yale Review* for last January. Mr. Storey's piece was called "A Plea for Honesty," and Mr. Hard's "Is America Honest?" Neither piece is cheering to the spirit or helpful in winning the war. Mr. Hard's had comic pictures, which gave it an advantage over Mr. Storey's, but even the pictures did not make a pastime of it. But when anything can't go through the mails one *has* to read it, if procurable, even though it is indecent. Mr. Hard's piece was not indecent. Mr. Hard, though native-born (Painted Post, N. Y., 1878), had, like Mr. Whigham, the advantage of British education, which in his case was topped off, not by golf and war-corresponding, but by labor in Northwestern University and settlement work in Chicago. Mr. Hard was once a resident at Hull House. Of course he could not be indecent. And he is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and apparently a studious man.



MR. HARD being all these admirable things, and a Republican, and a contributor to the *New Republic* besides, it looks as though he was set on to swat the administration after Mr. Baker's pleasantries about the *Metropolitan* in his testimony. The line of thought in Mr. Hard's effort is that Mr. Wilson's international policies don't hang together, and that his official actions in various conspicuous in-



"PAX VOBISCUM!"

stances have been the opposite of his some-time-previous definitions of how the nations ought to behave. Mr. Wilson would admit that he has been a true progressive during the last five years, and that the road behind him runs by many positions which circumstances constrained him to abandon. He has admitted quite as much as that, but Mr. Hard seems to consider that he ought to admit that all his professions about self-determination for small countries, and all the claims for the United States that it doesn't want to extend its holdings are twaddle.

That is more than should be expected of any President of any country in war-time, but what may possibly have happened is that Mr. Hard's piece ran away with him, and being filled with zeal to discharge the duty of his office and swat the administration, he held up to the best of his ability not alone Mr. Wilson, but the United States, to the ridicule of mankind.

And of course that is not the way to win the war, and the great fault with Mr. Hard's piece is that in diplomatic

questions it sides with the enemy at a very inopportune time. But few people would have known it except for the zeal of the P. O. insisting that everybody should buy or borrow a copy of the *Metropolitan* and read "Is America Honest?"



MR. WHIGHAM protests that criticism of the administration is so restricted by fear of official suppression that it is impossible for any paper to do the service for us that Northcliffe, he says, did for Britain.

Nothing could be worse for any administration or for the country than to choke off honest criticism by force. As yet, however, there has been no suppression that we can recall, except of pro-Germans who gave aid to the enemy.

Our present administration does not seem to commend itself to sportsmen. It is too bad. Back of Mr. Whigham

and Mr. Hard one seems to see "H. P. W." and the sporting tradition. And very much the same breed of spook looks over the shoulders of Mr. F. P. Dunne and Mark Sullivan and *Collier's*.

The case of the *Tribune* is not so clear. There is no "H. P. W." about that, but the Widow Reid is a good sport and very earnest about the war.

All these papers are earnest about the war. The *Tribune* slams into Mr. Creel for seeming to constitute the *Independent* the official organ of the administration, and publishing in it long communications from himself. That seems to us improper, but even Mr. Creel's articles are quite earnest to win the war.

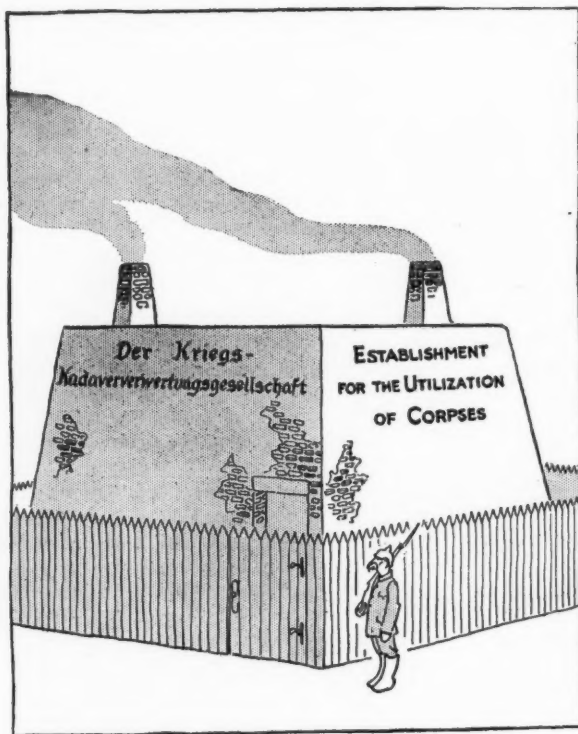
That is the only thing that counts now. Writing that helps to win the war is good. Writing that hinders that great end is bad. Other writing is negligible.

Meanwhile, does anyone know if Mr. Whigham has ever been naturalized? If not he should be, right away, for in war-time an alien, even a British alien, can hardly expect to have as full a privilege of altercation with the existing government as a voter. Mr. Hard is a voter, and so also is that habitual altercator, Mr. Moorfield Storey. When they swat the government it must be patient.

Mr. Hard seems just now to be the handy man of the Whitney publications. There are two: the H. P. W. sporting *Metropolitan*, and the D. W. S. high-brow *New Republic*. Though so closely related, these publications hardly see eye to eye. One uses colored inks; the other is reformatory. But Mr. Hard slings his grenades from both trenches. No complaint of that, but the P. O. should not contribute artificial flotation to his recondite articles. Let them sink or swim according to their own specific gravity.

As for self-determination for small countries, which Mr. Hard discusses in his *Metropolitan* missile, that is rather an aspiration than a rule. Mr. Wilson and the Allies want the most possible. The Kaiser wants the least possible. How much comes out of the war depends on how the war comes out.

But on the aspirations of one generation the facts of the next generation depend.



PRUSSIAN



KULTUR

AND AMERICAN
Practised on a live dog

A Picture of a Junker

"NEIGHBOR HANS" in the *March Atlantic* is a remarkable disclosure of the qualities of the Prussian junker mind that is the immediate cause of the present troubles of the world. The picture is of a German settler in Mexico who is entirely emancipated from all motives of conduct except self-interest, narrowly and brutally conceived. He scoffs at honor as a delusion: he ignores every obligation of comity. To do what profits him, and get away with it, is his rule of life. He follows that rule with a certain ability, and with a total obliviousness to the shame and wrong of it.

Without being painful, the narrative is deeply impressive. It reads true, and its essential truth is attested by what one learns in talk with persons who have had experience with this type of German. The conclusion forced on the mind is that the only cure for persons of this species and development is death.

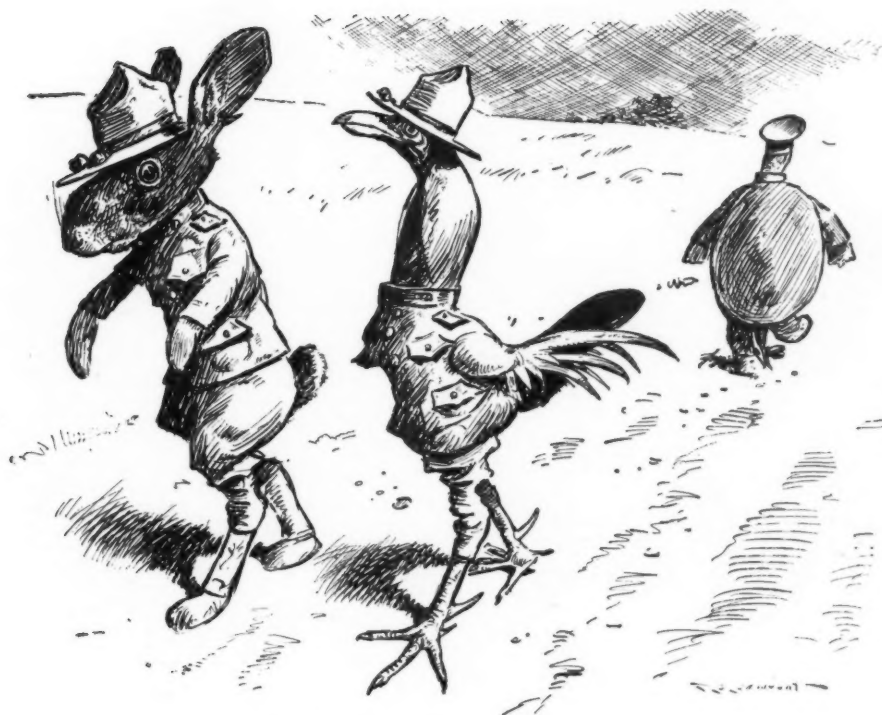
Undecided

UNCLE EZRA: How's the boy doing who went to the army?

UNCLE EBEN: Fine. He just got a medal for something, but he writes such a durn poor hand that I can't tell whether it's for bugling, burgling or just plain bungling.



GRAND LARCENY



"ISN'T THAT GENERAL TORTOISE WE JUST PASSED?"
"YES. HE HAS THE REPUTATION OF BEING THE GREATEST HUSTLER IN THE WHOLE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT."

Rewriting the Bible

OUR friend Billy Sunday has been rewriting the Bible. He claims that it ought to be put into modern garb in order to get it home to the plain people. Here are some lines from his rendition of the story of Samson:

Samson blew himself for a lot of hot-house foliage and approached Delilah with all the ease and grace of the seasoned flirt.

Delilah was the queen vampire of the whole cast. She was the finest chef in the trouble kitchen.

Delilah strung Samson until he looked like a perch trailing through the water back of a rowboat at the end of a perfect fishing day.

Then Samson went to sleep, and Delilah took the scissors and removed his Seven Sutherland Sisters, which had been his pride and joy.

Samson's finish was as foolhardy as his life had been.

Billy Sunday is engaged in the profession of saving souls. He thinks

they can be saved by slang. Up to date about everything has been done to save souls except slang, and as soul-saving is generally regarded as an important occupation, Mr. Sunday will probably not be accused of blasphemy or bad taste in perpetrating his ecclesiastical atrocities.

Barnard's Lincoln. A Respite

IN the matter of the Barnard statue of Lincoln, there is comfort in the reflection that at worst it cannot get to England until after the war. There won't be steamer-room for it.

Meantime England may be destroyed by Germans, and so escape the statue, or may win the war and bear all minor trials cheerfully.

Four Important Milestones in Life

1. Blarney stone.
2. Moonstone.
3. Grindstone.
4. Tombstone.

Something Wrong

ACCORDING to a recent order issued by Mr. McAdoo, upper berths in sleeping cars must hereafter be occupied. No matter how fat you are, there is no escape for you in case the lower berths have already been taken.

Up to recent times, upper berths have been permitted to languish and decay and waste their solitude on the midnight air. Now each of them will contain one or more human beings, according to circumstances. Mr. McAdoo is frank about it. His idea is to discourage traveling. He not only proposes to raise the rates, but to use the upper berth as a hold-up.

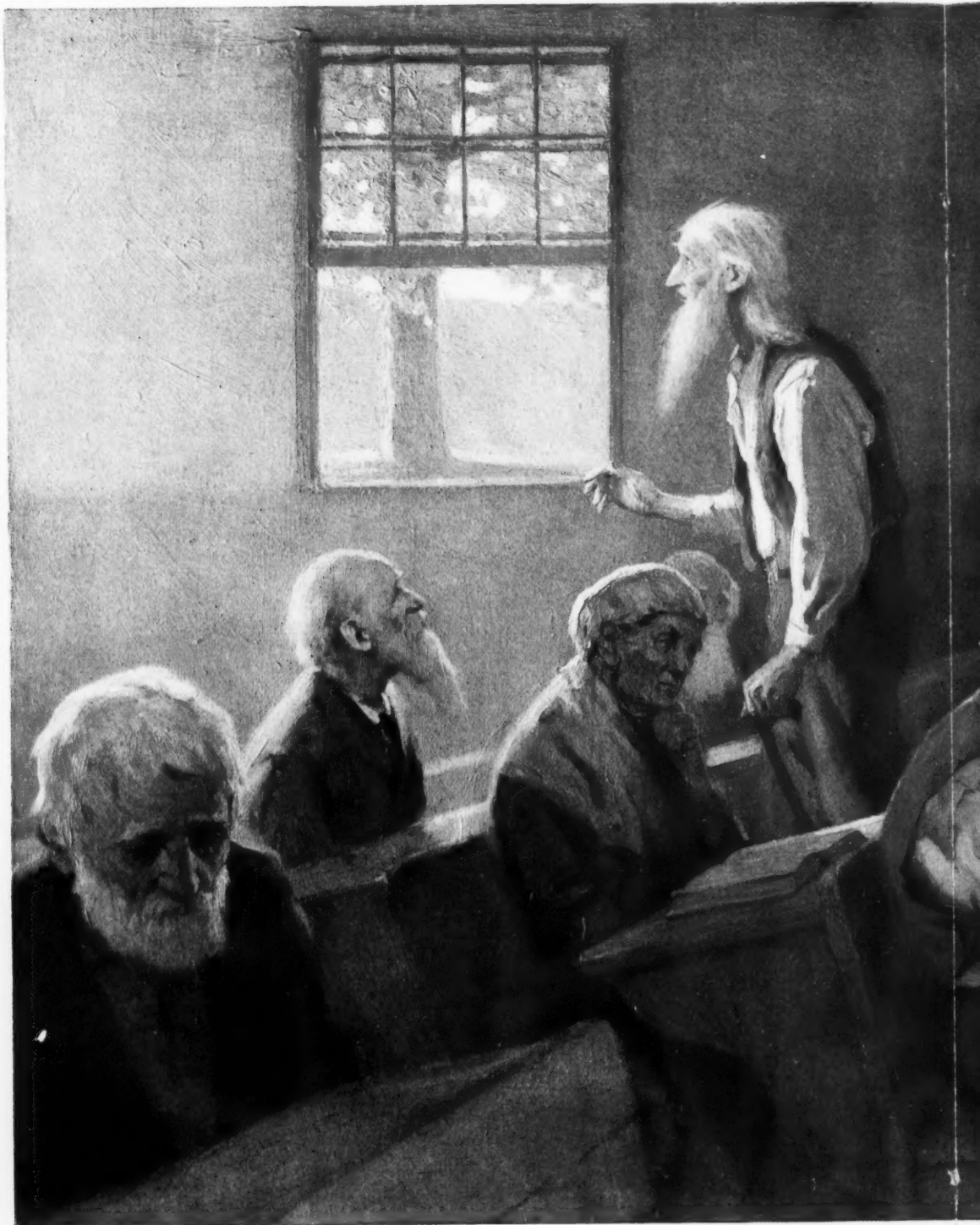
Has he not, however, omitted an important point in his ruling, in failing to specify the kinds of people who shall occupy upper berths? It seems to us that all southern congressmen and all pro-Germans should be exempt from this ruling, and should be provided with lower berths. These two classes of people are now the most favored. Why subject them to the same inconveniences endured by common or garden Americans?

"WAS the church fair a success?"

"We cleaned up eight hundred and that doesn't include a hundred and fifty that we got honestly."



"HURRY, NURSE! PUT THE PLASTER ON THE SMALL OF MY BACK!"
"WHERE IS IT?"



The Graduating Class



The Saviors

MAN is saved through humor and imagination.

So long as he can laugh and create gods and music he cannot be extinguished.

Come wars, come pests, come revolutions, come the kill-joys of Pleasure, he has two cyclone-towers, made of adamant, Humor and the fiction-instinct.

All the ills of this world are caused by men and women who have no sense of humor.

The Great War would never have occurred had an imaginative humorist been on the throne of Germany.

Had Mark Twain been the Kaiser of Prussia and George Bernard Shaw the Czar of Russia, the great massacre would have been vetoed by a series of joint epigrams and satiric shafts from Potsdam and Petersburg.

Humor is the cleanser and regenerator, the concave mirror of Seriousness, the sham-slitter, the liberator.

The humorous imagination is the jester in the Temple of Pomposity.

The world will be redeemed by Laughter and Art. They are the saviors and redeemers.

Prospero and Puck—let us call them from the vasty deeps. They will come with magic wand and laughing brain!

Benjamin De Casseres.

A Happy Thought

THERE is a bright side to every lump of coal. People who ululate and tear their hair when haddock, that well-known twelve-cent fish, sells for thirty cents a pound should consider the price of radium. Before the war radium brought a modest \$1,000,000 per ounce. At this writing one can't find it on a single bargain-counter under \$2,800,000 an ounce. Let us give thanks that we don't have to eat radium or get radium shoes for the baby.

At the Opera

"WHAT a magnificent necklace Mrs. Van Gilder has on!"

"Yes. Real carrots."

TIME is the interval between pay days.



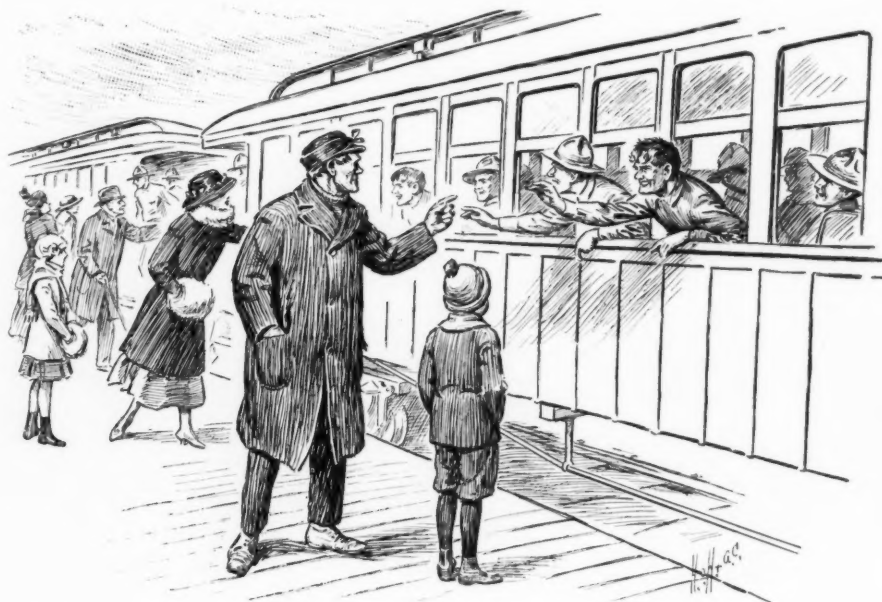
"MERCY! THIS IS THE LONGEST SHOOTING SEASON IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE!"

Gadzysazs!

A GAWKY recruit of Wrxczysk
Surrendered at Prmxrqwzlsazs;
But he struggled and yelled
When he was compelled
To pronounce his own name at
Nvdgowzxc.

Caution

"I UNDERSTAND that he is a
United States senator."
"Does that mean that I must be careful what I say?"
"Yes; better find out first whether
he is pro-German or not."



"WELL, SO LONG, BERT. IF THERE AIN'T NO LADIES PRESENT WHEN YE MEET THE KAISER DON'T FERGIT TO TELL HIM WHAT WE THINK OF HIM"

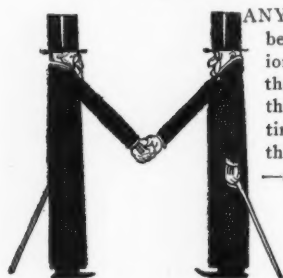
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"YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD OF YOUR SON, MR. SCADDS. WHAT IS HE DOING?"
"NOTHING; BUT HE DOES IT SO WELL THAT YOU CAN'T HELP ADMIRING HIM."



From the Pen of a Certain Party



ANY deep-thinkers will now proceed to be delivered of thoughts. And opinions. And interpretations. Showing that Ibsen is a great fertilizer for deep-thinkers of a certain type. It's a long time since they've had an incentive like this production of "The Wild Duck"—an Ibsen play in practically its first New York performance, and with the inscrutable Mme. Nazimova in the cast. It's an event which will fill the haunts of the deep-thinkers, drawing-rooms and table d'hôtes alike, with wise talk for weeks to come. The Sir Oracles and Lady Oracles who have to go outside the beaten track for inspiration once more have a topic for wells of their kind of thought and miles of their kind of talk.



IT is to be feared that the tone of the interpretation given to "The Wild Duck" by the admirable company assembled by Mr. Arthur Hopkins is likely to shock the tried and true mourners who usually assemble to rejoice sadly at productions of the dissective Scandinavian drama. The members of the company dare to approach their task almost in a spirit of levity. There is none of the deep solemnity which cloaked the recent performers of the "Electra" and the "Medea," and little of the repellent dullness and unattractiveness which other interpreters have managed to give as the true Ibsen atmosphere.

As here done, there are actually laughs in an Ibsen play. To be sure, the audience didn't laugh whole-heartedly, because it contained too many of the deep-thinkers, who were busy with their symbolism and with discovering the hidden meanings. When Mr. Atwill and Mr. Connelly dropped into broad comedy most of those who had the inclination to laugh were over-awed by the greatness of the occasion and, out of consideration for the thinkers, only tittered or, where the barbarians happened to be seated in groups, laughed in subdued and timid fashion.



OF course there is plenty of symbolism in "The Wild Duck." In *Gregers Werle*, who comes around destroying cheerfulness and asking everyone to give up something that brings happiness, we recognize the personification of Prohibition. On the other hand, in *Relling*, the doctor who believes that people are happiest when they have some illusion to occupy their minds, we see Suffrage, with its unlimited promises to women. From the few lines possible to understand in Mme. Nazimova's delivery it seemed that *Hedvig* probably represented the Ordinary Person, driven to suicide by the general cussedness of every-

one else. The deep-thinkers will probably make even more subtle discoveries and air them at length.

As intimated, Mr. Hopkins has given the play an unusually well selected cast, and it has evidently been well rehearsed. Mr. Hopkins has apparently approached his task with the idea that "The Wild Duck" is a play, and therefore should be played as a play instead of being handled with the reverence of an Oberammergau religious spectacle. Ibsen-worshippers may resent the almost low-comedy touches Mr. Atwill gives to *Hjalmar Ekdal*, but the familiar business brings the character into understandable terms of the theatre. Mr. Edward Connelly does a highly polished piece of character work as *Old Ekdal*, and Mr. Harry Mestayer continues his record of clean-cut impersonations as *Gregers*, the trouble-maker. By eccentricity Mme. Nazimova makes *Hedvig* a more conspicuous rôle than is denoted by its play value. It is a remarkable achievement in girliness by a mature artist, and perhaps with the disappearance of first-night nervousness the star may make more of her speeches understandable to the audience. It is serving her purpose to notice the use of her remarkable shock of black hair, even if it is said that her over-frequent tossing of her locks savors more of the shock wig than artistry. The other important characters are excellently portrayed by Mmes. Veness and Lamison and Messrs. Mitchell, Chambers and Bayfield.



"THE WILD DUCK" is not recommended by way of a jolly little evening's diversion for the t. b. m. In its story, and particularly in its method of presentation, it will



(With apology to Messrs. Weber and Fields)

Kaiser Bill: ACH, FRITZ, HOW I LOF YOU! I JUST COULD KILL VON MILLION MORE LIKE YOU.

German People: YOU FLATTER ME MIT SUCH AN HONOR.

be found a sample of Ibsen a little less difficult to enjoy than some of his social studies, and certainly less gloomy than his Scandinavian tragedies. The morbidity is not so closely analyzed and is of a more masculine type than that dissected in *Nora* and *Hedda*. If it is a case of Ibsen or nothing, ordinary playgoers are likely to say, "Give us 'The Wild Duck' every time."



THERE'S nothing Ibsenesque about "Oh, Look!" the flimsy little girl-and-music show which opened the new and rather pretty Vanderbilt Theatre. In spite of its opulent name, the house is a very little one, and calculated to put stage and audience on those intimate terms which lead to quick understanding. This is not to imply that "Oh, Look!" is hard to understand. The chorus is very discernible, and Mr. Harry Fox with rag-time and shining teeth is pretty constantly in evidence. If you like the kind, you are likely to like "Oh, Look!"

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"Why Marry?" by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams. Clever comedy with an argument against the absolute necessity of matrimony.

Belasco.—"Polly With a Past." Well played and well staged contemporary comedy with Ina Claire in the title rôle.

Bijou.—"The Squab Farm," by the Hattons. Notice later.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Humorous and well played picturing of the agonies of puppy-love.

Broadhurst.—"Follow the Girl." Not particularly brilliant demonstration in the girl-and-music line.

Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" A girl-and-music graduate of the Princess. Diverting.

Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." Gorgeous spectacle, Oriental in coloring and music.

Cohan.—"Toot-Toot!" Notice later.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Well acted comedy, dependent for its humor on a demonstration of the value of clothes in business.

Comedy.—"The Wasington Square Players in 'Mrs. Warren's Profession'" with Mary Shaw. Notice later.

Cort.—"Flo Flo." Girl-and-music show not overly refined and a little more undressed than usual.

Criterion.—"Laurette Taylor in 'Happiness,'" by Mr. Hartley Manners. The humor and pathos of the young girl-worker agreeably pictured by the star.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Messrs. Glass and Goodman bring Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter into the moving-picture business, with laughable consequences.

Empire.—"Ethel Barrymore in 'The Off Chance,'" by Mr. R. C. Carton. Interesting London comedy of to-day, well acted.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Maytime." Unusual entertainment in the form of a dainty musical play, daintily presented.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Love Mill." Girl-and-music show of the ordinary type.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern," with Mr. Fred



"THERE'S NOT ROOM FOR US BOTH, UNCLE!"

Stone. The athletic fun of the star with an elaborate girl-and-music background.

Harris.—"Success," by Leitzbach and Liebler. Drama of the theatre, interesting and with Mr. Brandon Tynan as the effective star.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Big show of vaudeville, spectacle and ballet.

Hudson.—"The Master," with Mr. Arnold Daly. Sex drama, not pleasant in theme, but fairly well acted.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Musical version of an aviation comedy with Mr. Frank Craven as the laugh-producing hero.

Longacre.—"Yes or No." Novel and interesting drama telling, with an ingenious use of stage resources, two stories at once.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Excellently staged melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Lyric.—"One week of Blanche Bates and Mr. Holbrook in war propaganda play, 'Getting Together.'"

Manhattan Opera House.—"Last week of 'The Garden of Allah.'" Spectacular dramatization of Mr. Hichens's drama of Northern Africa.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Eyes of Youth." Novel play dealing with varied phases of a woman's life.

Morocco.—"Lombardi, Ltd.," by the Hattons. The sentimental side of the life of the man-dressmaker in New York depicted in flashy comedy.

New Amsterdam.—"Cohan Review of 1918." Clever burlesques of the season's suc-

cesses as the backbone of elaborate girl-and-music show.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave," by Mr. Walter Howard. Interesting melodrama with thrilling war scenes.

Playhouse.—"The Little Teacher," by Mr. Harry James Smith. Rural comedy drama with Mary Ryan. Homely, but interesting and well done.

Plymouth.—"Nazimova in Ibsen's 'The Wild Duck.'" See above.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!" by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. Little girl-and-music show. Bright and cheery.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Extremely funny but not highly refined farcical comedy.

Shubert.—"The Copperhead," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Drama of Civil War times, strong in itself and powerful in the acting of Mr. Lionel Barrymore.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"A Cure for Curables," by Messrs. Biggers and Whitman. The American fondness for being medically humbugged laughably satirized.

Vanderbilt.—"Oh, Look!" See above.

Vieux Colombier.—French stock company.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." The intellectual fancy of the t. b. m. lightly turned in the direction of an elaborate Oriental girl-and-music show.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Opportunity for persons afraid to go to bed to get a respite in the way of eating, drinking and cabaret.

A Villa on the Brenta

THE cypress plumes hang dark against the sky,
The iris-stalks their slender flags unfold,
The trumpet-vine shakes out its red and gold
Above the arches where, as night draws nigh,
The fountains murmur and the winds reply,
And, in his tattered pomp of years untold,
The peacock roams the terrace as of old
Where underfoot the velvet mosses lie.

But now the peacock paces all alone
Those fragrant paths where lovers wandered slow,
Stray shot has marred the arches' ancient stone,
Gray war-clouds dim the sunset's crimson glow;
And like a fanfare struck from giant drums,
Nearer the rumble of the cannon comes!

Charlotte Becker.

His Fall

"AND so you love my wife."
The husband's voice was calm, but not without bitterness.

"You have been my best friend," he muttered, "the very last one I would suspect. I had so much confidence in you that I took you home to live with us."

"But isn't that the usual thing?" said the other man. "It's entirely customary for the best friend of any man to do as I have done. I'm surprised at you! Haven't you ever read short stories?"

"Viper!"

"That's what the husband always says. You are running true to form. The proper thing for you to do now is to gaze at both of us silently for a few moments and then quietly withdraw, leaving us in full possession."

"What happens to me?" asked the husband, who was, in spite of himself, becoming interested.

"Well, you can take your choice. One very fetching result is for you to hire a western camp and live there by your lonesome, until one dark, blizzardy night your wife will burst open the door, fall at your feet and beg you to take her back, explaining that I have deserted her."

"But suppose I don't want to take her back."

"Exactly. You may have married again, or there may be other reasons why even with a wife of such merit the pressure upon your space is so great that you will have to reject her. That is why we'd better make our arrangements now. I believe in preparedness."

The husband thought deeply.

"I think I see the solution," he said. "I will live right along here with you."

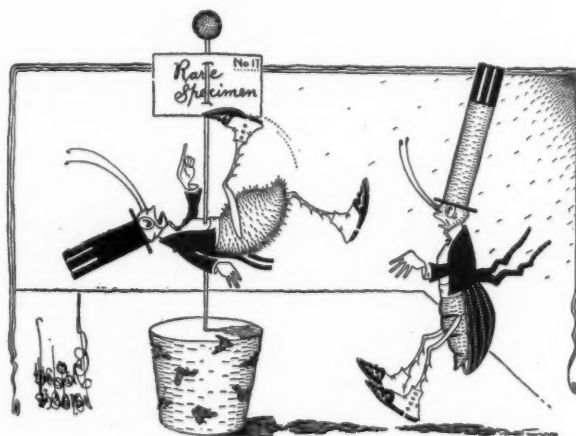
"How do you mean?"

"Well, at present, as my best friend, you have done the only proper thing a best friend can do—you have gotten my wife away from me. Very well. Take her. I will still be your best friend. After a while I will do the only proper thing a best friend can do—I will take her back."

The other man got up, and after a moment's thought said:



HER NEW EASTER MILLINERY



"TELL MY WIFE WHAT IT SAYS ON THAT CARD, WILL YOU? SHE NEVER HALF APPRECIATED ME"



AT THE NATIONAL SERVICE CLUB

"WHAT'S THE TIME, MATE? WE MUST BE GOING."
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? IT'S EIGHT BELLES AND ALL SWELL."

"Look here! I did love your wife, and I was prepared to break up your home in the usual way. But I'll be hanged if I'll do it. You can tell her that the whole thing is off."

"Why?"

"Well, somehow or other, your attitude has made me see things in a different light. Instead of taking the thing tragically, as you ought to have done, you have made it appear ridiculous."

"But my wife will be disappointed. What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her I'm sorry. Convey my humblest apologies."

"Nothing I can say to make you reconsider?"

"Nothing. I'm through. My decision is irrevocable."

He disappeared. The husband sat for a long time, staring moodily at the opposite wall.

"I might have been all right," he said at last, "if it hadn't been for two things: I had a sense of humor, and I talked too much."
T. L. M.



CAMOUFLAGE
FRONT UND REAR

A Word for the Mothers



MICHELINE NOUAILLE,
BABY 2289

THE readers of LIFE, in their generous giving, doubtless had in mind only the little children in whose behalf the appeal is made. The children, of course, need the help, and profit by it, even if they are too young to know whence it comes or what would be their fate without it.

The blessing of this aid goes largely to the brave mothers of the children, not in the material sense, but in the lessening of their anxiety and in the encouragement it gives them to keep up the fight against their adversity and their grief. Many of the contributors to the fund come to a knowledge of what this means to the mothers when they receive the letters of thanks which, with few exceptions, these excellent women have been prompt to write and send to their benefactors through this office. It is our regret that we have not the space to print these letters. In their number and in their sincerity

they form a mighty monument to American goodness.

LIFE has received, in all, \$182,320.63, from which we have remitted to France 1,031,689.95 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Alexander, Portland, Me., for Baby No. 2408	
General and Mrs. F. S. Foltz, American Lake, Wash., for Baby No. 2409	\$73
South Side Sewing Club of Tyler, Minn., for Baby No. 2412	73
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Walton, Wakefield, Mass., for Baby No. 2414	73
The Senior Class of Lady Jane Grey School, Binghamton, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 2416 and 2417	146
"Anonymous," Hibernia, Fla., for Baby No. 2418	73
J. W. Crandall, Marietta, Ohio, for Baby No. 2419	73
American Fire Fighters' Fund, collected through the <i>Fireman's Herald</i> , New York City, for Baby No. 2420	73
Elizabeth, Bill, June and Mary Palmer, Toronto, Canada, for Baby No. 2421	73
Mrs. Hamilton Murray, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 2422	73
"Mrs. J. C. R.," San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 2423	73
H. R. Everding, Portland, Ore., for Babies Nos. 2426 and 2427	146
Clara, Frances and Lucie McCormick, Matahambre, Pro. de Pinar del Rio, Cuba, for Baby No. 2429	73
F. W. Stevens, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 2431	73
Army and Navy Club of the Employees of Harris Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 2432	73
J. Jay Dunn, Elwood City, Pa., for Baby No. 2433	73
E. T. Oakes, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 2434	73
The young ladies of the Ladies' Christian Union of New York City, for Baby No. 2435	73
J. H. Coffield, Waco, Texas, for Baby No. 2436	73
Mrs. Minerva J. Conable, Hubbard Woods, Ill., for Baby No. 2437	73
Dr. E. Florence Gair, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Baby No. 2438	73
Mrs. J. P. Fairchild, Glen Cove, L. I., for Baby No. 2439	73
Eliza I. Scott, Norwood, Ohio, on account of Baby No. 2440	10
Mrs. W. F. Reynolds, Bellefonte, Pa., on account of Baby No. 2441	3
Pupils and teachers of McKinley School, Phoenix, Ariz., on account of Baby No. 1998	10
Lila C. Hedges and Margaret C. Underwood, Haverstraw, N. Y., on account of Baby No. 1873	6



JEAN BOTHUAN, BABY 2196, AND HIS SISTERS

Jackson S. Martin, San. Det. 117th Amer. Tr., on account of Baby No. 2322	3
Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 2245	3
Winifred Morris, Swarthmore, Pa., on account of Baby No. 1738	3
Pupils of the Ethical Culture School, New York City, on account of Baby No. 1867	6
Nelson K. Crane, Co. "B," 18th Engineers, A. E. F., on account of Baby No. 1750	10
Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, on account of Babies Nos. 1751 and 1752	10
Mrs. Ralph N. Maxson, Lexington, Ky., on account of Baby No. 2428	36.50
"An American," Cincinnati, Ohio, on account of Baby No. 2430	10
Mrs. R. J. McDonald, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 2317	6
"Miss Marthe," New York City, on account of Baby No. 2287	18
William A. Gordon, 3d, and Lewis Henderson Gordon, Flushing, N. Y., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 119	73

BABY NUMBER 2402

Already acknowledged	\$65.08
Bessie L. Page, Davenport, Iowa	2
Elizabeth, Bill, June and Mary Palmer, Toronto, Canada	1
Mt. Algor Club of Miles, Iowa	4.92

\$73

BABY NUMBER 2415

Commercial Law Class of Harlem Evening High School for Women, New York City	\$36.50
Monmouth Chapter, D. A. R., Red Bank, N. J.	12
"Mrs. J. C. R.," San Francisco, Cal.	8.50
A sewing club of Trenton, N. J., through Mary A. Roynnton	16

\$73

BABY NUMBER 2424

"Mrs. J. C. R.," San Francisco, Cal.	\$18.50
"E. R. W. and M. H. W.," Wellesley, Mass.	6
"The Youngsters," Charleston, S. C.	3
Amy L. Farnsworth, Lehi, Utah	7
Mt. Algor Club of Miles, Iowa	5.08

\$39.58

The fund also acknowledges the contribution by the Carey Show Print, New York City, of various jobs of printing.



"ALL THIS TALK ABOUT NOT RESTORING BELGIUM MAKES ME SICK. WHY NOT GIVE IT BACK? AIN'T VE HAD OUR USE OUT OF IT?"

War Sensations Come Croppers

SPECIAL war sensations have not been very much prospered in the periodicals. For reasons unknown and not readily surmised, the *World's Work* has withdrawn the series of German-spy articles that had been begun by Editor Rathom of the *Providence Journal*, and the *Times* has printed (March 1st) an elaborate four-column denial in detail of *Collier's* story that government interference had checked and spoiled Nivelle's great offensive of last year.

The true story of the British reverse at Cambrai has not been set forth yet in convincing detail. Judging from the word-of-mouth stories that one gets about it, it ought to tempt the enterprise of some weekly or monthly contemporary, but it hangs fire.

A great part of the true history of the war will have to wait till the war is finished, and will be lucky if it sees the light even then. To write the truth about what happens in peace-time is hard enough, but in war-time it is much harder. Too much searchlight interferes with the war job. Even campaigns that are past cannot be gone into to the bottom. There is always

endless dispute over such matters, and the witness that should be cited cannot be called till the war is over, if ever.

War-histories are dug out of records and post-bellum voluntary statements largely in diaries, memoirs and recollections.

Atavism

A PERFECTLY Good woman was walking along one day, when she met a Perfectly Good man.

There being no one else in sight, and propinquity being the first law of nature, said the Perfectly Good man: "Let us marry."

So, not knowing what they did, they married, and had a Perfectly Bad child. He was a perfectly terrible child. There wasn't anything that child didn't do.

Now at the time this happened, a Perfectly Bad man met a Perfectly Bad woman. And they also had a child.

And she was a Perfectly Good child. And these two children grew up and met.

Then said the Perfectly Bad man to the Perfectly Good woman:

"Will you marry me?"

"I will," said the Perfectly Good woman. "But I wonder why. I can't seem to help it."

"I'm in the same fix," said the Perfectly Bad man. "But, my dear, it isn't our fault. We are suffering for the sins of our parents."

R. T.

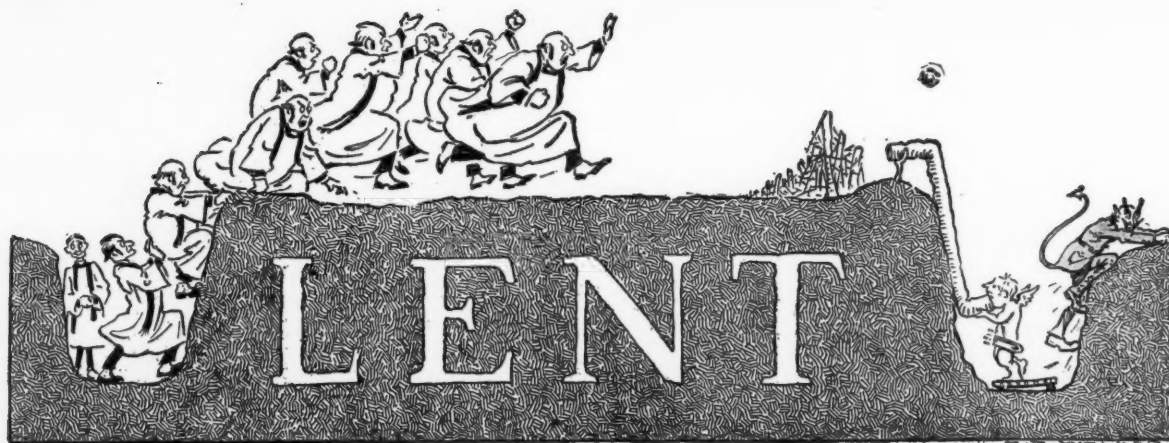
RED TAPE is a curious product. Each man in a system of government, being dependent for his job upon someone else, is concerned principally that nobody shall put anything over on him. He therefore safeguards himself by never assuming any more responsibility than he can help. Hence Red Tape.

Workers in a government system are like a lot of spiders, each spinning his quota of Red Tape.

No government is complete without it. Yet with it all governments are incomplete.



A LITTLE GAME OF HEARTS



"OVER THE TOP"

To Our Boys at the Front

FOR letters from men in the American fighting forces in France LIFE will pay ten dollars each, if they are considered of sufficient interest to print.

Each letter should not be more than two hundred words in length; the shorter the better. Preferably, it should deal with some phase of life at the Front, and the preference will be given to humorous incidents, short anecdotes or matters of fact of human interest. Tell us what is happening to you and your comrades and how you feel, being careful, of course, to send only material that will pass the censor.

All letters should be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York, U. S. A. Owing to the difficulty of transmitting mail, no letters will be returned, so correspondents are advised to keep duplicates. The name and address of the author should be plainly written on each manuscript.

From the Memoirs of Silas Griggson

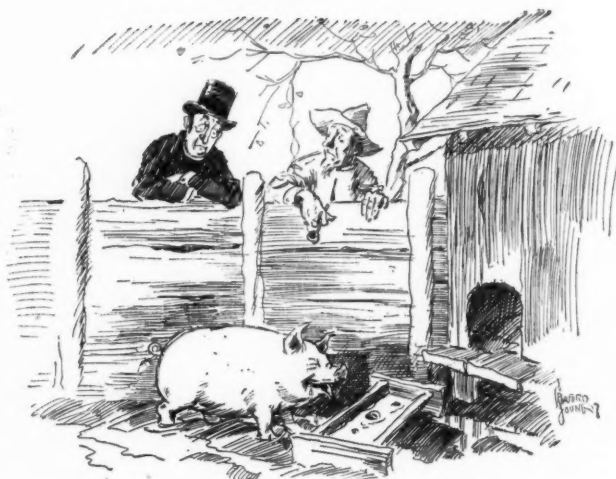
(Written in the year 1971. As Mr. Griggson was one of the most distinguished young men of the days of the great war, it was his privilege to mingle with the chief actors of those days. His reminiscences cover a wide field.)

AT the time I write of Woodrow Wilson was President. He was a man of considerable intellect, and having been a college professor, his reading was wide and his conversation extremely interesting. I dined with him privately upon several occasions, and found him to be a delightful companion. Yet outwardly he had the reputation of a certain aloofness, and it is said that he had offended many people who had assisted him in his political career by refusing to see them. That he was generally loyal to his associates appears, however, to be the fact. He surrounded himself at the beginning of the war with a group of nin-compoops—at least this was the general impression. I remember talking with him frankly once.

"They say of you that the biggest men, who ought to be used in the war, are relegated to obscurity, while those who are incompetent are pushed forward, thus causing grave blunders."

He smiled and changed the subject.

I never saw him after this. He never would see me.



"YES, HE SEEMS A CHEERFUL HOG. IS HE HIGH BRED?"

"WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO! HE'S THREE QUARTERS HIGH FINANCE WITH A STRAIN OF HOHENZOLLERN."



*How quickly
your complexion
has improved*

Resinol Soap

brings out the real
beauty of the skin



Many an otherwise attractive girl finds herself a "failure" because of a poor complexion. If your skin is not fresh, smooth and healthy, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, see if the daily use of Resinol Soap will not greatly improve it.

Resinol Soap is not only unusually cleansing and softening, but its regular use lessens tendency to pimples, causes redness and roughness to disappear, and in a short time usually succeeds in making the complexion clearer, fresher and more velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence which makes this possible is the Resinol which this soap contains.

This same gentle medication, together with its freedom from irritating alkali, adapt Resinol Soap admirably to the care of the hair, for the bath, and for a baby's delicate skin.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists throughout the United States and Canada. For trial size, free, write to Dept. 58-B, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.



No Private Prayer

Deacon Jones decided to speak his mind to the minister who was temporarily filling the pulpit.

"I didn't like your prayer very much this morning," said he.

"No?" answered the minister. "And what was the matter with it?"

"Well, in the first place, it was too long; and, aside from this, it contained two or three expressions which I thought were scarcely warranted."

"I am sorry, deacon," the good man responded, "but it might be well to bear in mind that the prayer wasn't addressed to you."—*Argonaut*.

BRENT: Old chap, I've been duck shooting, don't you know.

SANDERSON: Duck shooting? Why, you don't know a wild duck from a tame one.

BRENT: Oh, yes, I do—the wild beggars got away.—*Boston Transcript*.



THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

A Gifted Son

Although Alfred had arrived at the age of twenty-one years he showed no inclination either to pursue his studies or in any way adapt himself to his father's business.

"I don't know what I will ever make of that son of mine," bitterly complained his father, a hustling business man.

"Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted?" queried the father. "Well, I should say he is! He ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."

—*Tit-Bits*.

And the Horse Laughed

MEMBER S. P. C. A. (to brutal driver): No, my friend, I won't shut up. Your poor horse, unfortunately, cannot speak like Balaam's ass, but I would have you know, sir, that I can.

—*Boston Transcript*.

"A MAN dat knows whut he is talkin' 'bout," said Uncle Eben, "is liable not to be as interestin' as de one dat don't bother 'bout de facts as long as he's keepin' you entertained."

—*Boston Budget*.

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THE UNWRITTEN MESSAGE

Your personal stationery bears an unwritten message of personality, whether you will or not.

The simple elegance of Old Hampshire Bond stationery makes it always appropriate—in the formal letter or the friendly note.

Use it, and you achieve that wished-for distinction of effect without appearing to strive for it.

Business stationery of Old Hampshire Bond commands the respect which makes for prestige.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO., SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

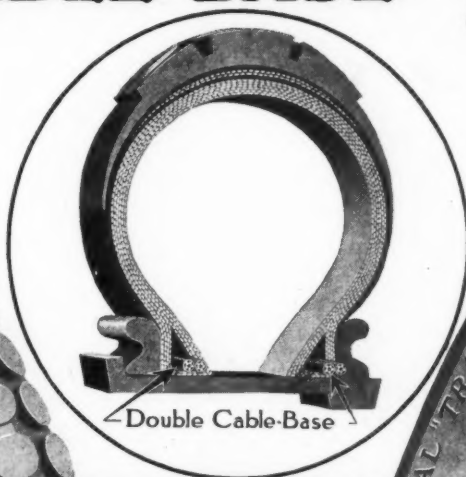


CHOCOLATES • BONBONS • FRENCH BONBONNIERES

Fifth Avenue at 35th St. New York

FEDERAL

DOUBLE CABLE BASE TIRES



Resist Wear of Both Road and Rim

Here is the secret!

Federal tires resist road-punishment *much longer* because of the absence of internal enemies.

If you have overlooked the vital fact that a tire wears out on the inside as much as on the outside then this will *save you money*.

It will if you take advantage of these exclusive Federal superiorities.

Four unstretchable cables firmly anchor the Federal tire to the rim.

No other tire has this modern improvement!

So securely does the Federal hold its place that the hardest use cannot make it shift.

Any tire can be put on correctly—but the Federal remains *permanently* correct throughout its long life, because of its Double-Cable-Base.

This prevents the toe of the bead from ever pinching the inner tube.

It also prevents rim cutting.

And it absolutely insures the tire can never blow off the rim.

Coincident with these advantages is another—the flexible filler in which the four twisted steel cables are imbedded yields with every motion of the tire.

This relieves the side walls from excess strain so that they *do not break*.

Let the Federal dealer show you two perfected non-skid tires, with our exclusive Double-Cable-Base, Rugged Tread (white) and Traffic Tread (black)—they give more mileage—longer life—less trouble.

Also, our Cord tire (black) with double-Cable-Base and non-skid tread.

The Federal Rubber Company of Illinois

Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

RUGGED
TREAD

TRAFFIK
TREAD

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Marital Views

"Sometimes," confided Mrs. Longwed to her intimate friend, "I think my husband is the patientest, gentlest, best-natured soul that ever lived, and sometimes I think it's mere laziness."

—*Southern Woman's Magazine.*

"WHAT'S on the menu?" asked the hungry man.

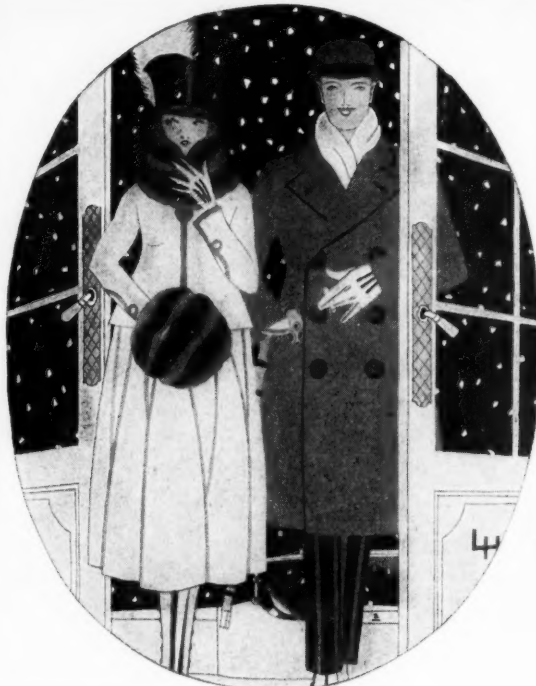
"Well," replied the waiter, "a few articles of food are mentioned. But most of the space is taken up with government instructions on what not to eat."

—*Washington Star.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

SERGEANT (one of the old school): It's the war that's ruining the army, sir—us having to enlist all these 'ere civilians!

—*London Opinion.*



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Ultimate in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

Smargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



INDIVIDUALITY

in your footwear is the secret of YOUR effectiveness. We make your shoes to your order just as a tailor makes your gown—to suit your ideas and taste.

Any Style—any Materials—any Colors, to match any costume.

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE
Bronze and Champagne Kid Ties—in other combinations also, \$16.00.
Fancy bronze cut steel buckles, extra.

Write for booklet of models and self measurement instructions.

E. HAYES

9 West 29th St. New York



Shakespeariana

An American lady at Stratford-on-Avon showed even more than the usual American fervor for everything Shakespearean she came across. She had not recovered when she reached the railway station, for she remarked to a friend as they walked on the platform:

"To think that it was from this very platform the immortal bard would depart whenever he journeyed to town!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

There's something about them you'll like.



Herbert
Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
Sample upon request
Falk Tobacco Co. 58 West 45th St. New York.

Attention of Greens Committees!

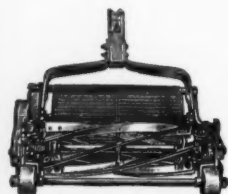
The new "PENNSYLVANIA" Putting Greens Sweeper will remove wet or dry worm casts in about one tenth the time consumed by the ordinary methods and without injury to the turf. It is also a superior lawn sweeper and leaf gatherer.

"PENNSYLVANIA" Golf and Putting Greens Mowers are giving superior service to a large number of clubs in this, and other countries.

A request for circular, with name of proper official to address, will receive prompt attention.

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS

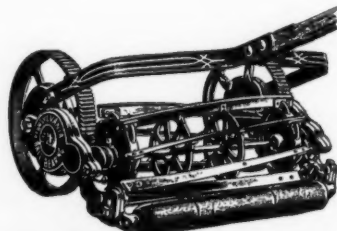
1625 N. 23d STREET
PHILADELPHIA



"PENNSYLVANIA" Putting Greens or Roller Mower

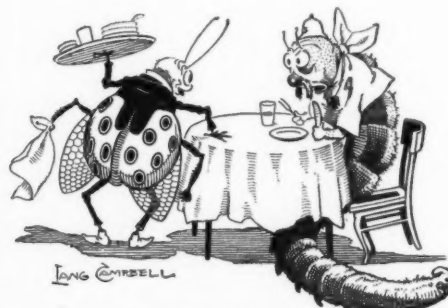


"PENNSYLVANIA" Putting Greens Sweeper



"PENNSYLVANIA" Golf

THE Man with the Iron Mask confidentially explained the mystery of his covering up his features by stating that he was trying to conceal his chagrin at not having become an annual subscriber to LIFE when it was possible for him to do so.



FOR THE GERMAN ARMY-WORM

"WHAT'LL YOU HAVE? WE'VE GOT BORDEAUX MIXTURE, SULPHATE OF LEAD RA-

Shontsiana

ON the crowded I. R. T.,
For the Passenger to see,
Neatly characted in type of clearest
fonts,
Advantageously are set
Little Gems of Etiquette
By our Arbiter of Manners, Mr. Shonts.

They are brilliant, they are terse,
They are worthy of my verse,
They are timely, they are none of them
amiss;
Their propriety is such
That we love them very much,
And their purport is approximately
this:

"As you enter, as you go,
We should wish to have you show
What vulgarians epitomize as 'Pep.'
We are zealous to prevent
Every sort of accident—
You will help us if you'll kindly watch
your step.

"Do not spread your paper wide;
There are those on either side
Who will thank you if you fold it once
or twice.
The Administration begs
That you will not cross your legs!
For to trip your Fellow-traveler isn't
nice.

"As you hope to earn our love,
Do not Push and do not Shove!
We are running cars as often as we can.

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES
CLOCKS AND STATIONERY

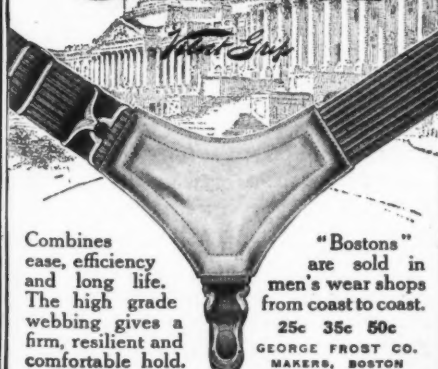
SATISFACTION ASSURED
IN QUALITY AND PRICE

THE TIFFANY BLUE BOOK GIVES PRICES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

In National Service
39 Years

Boston Garter



Combines
ease, efficiency
and long life.
The high grade
webbing gives a
firm, resilient and
comfortable hold.

"Bostons"
are sold in
men's wear shops
from coast to coast.
25c 35c 50c
GEORGE FROST CO.
MAKERS, BOSTON

Boston Garter

You will find the Guard polite,
If you'll only treat him right!"
Says that Estimable, Moralizing Man.

And his Etiquette is sound,
His Philosophy profound—
But I'd rather swim a dozen Helles-
ponts
Than endure the Subway crushes
That appear to bring no blushes
To the cheek of Epigraphic Mr. Shonts!
Arthur Guiterman.

DIogenes had given up his quest
in disgust. He could not find an
honest man, but he had found an hon-
est periodical, so he sold his lantern,
and with the proceeds became an an-
nual subscriber to LIFE.

"Old Town Canoes"

Let an Old Town Canoe carry you where the big fish
lurk and where game is plentiful. For casting and
trolling, an Old Town is un-
equalled. An Old Town offers
health, sport and beauties of the
great outdoors—an invitation no
red-blooded sportsman can re-
fuse. Send today for catalog
which shows latest models.



OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
1753 Middle St.
Old Town, Maine

BELL-ANS

Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

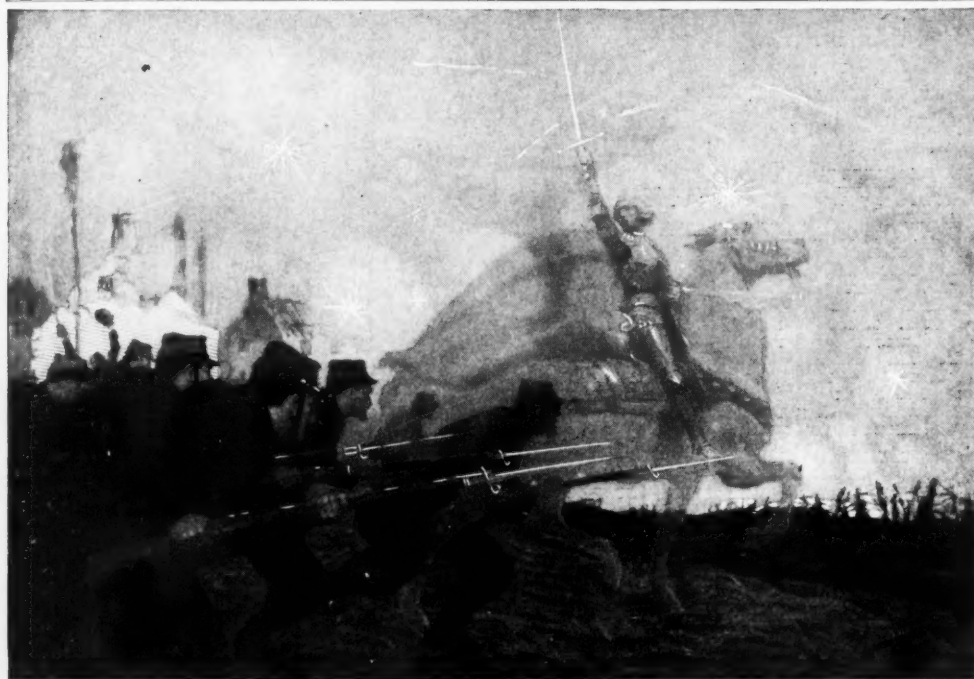
Yaphank vs. Spartanburg

ONE hears it whispered—though not printed even in the smallest print—that, in the judgment of inspectors, the New York National Guard troops at Spartanburg are not, after six months' training, as far along towards being dependable soldiers as the National Army troops (also from New York) at Yaphank.

The explanation suggested is that

the National Guard troops that went to the border came back with so clear an impression that they were already finished soldiers that their appetite to learn was not as keen as that of the green men at Yaphank.

This explanation applied especially to National Guard officers, and is supplemented by the suggestion that the National Army regiments are less handicapped by officers who are a little too good to throw out, and not really



The Miracle of the Marne

The battle of the Marne halted the rush of the Germans towards Paris. It aroused the French to superhuman bravery. They fought as if led by the spirit of the Maid of Orleans herself.

The Marne was a demonstration of the power of patriotism with its back against the wall. The same sacrifice of self, the same love of country and unity of purpose that inspired the French people must inspire us, and we must win the war.

We are sending our best manhood to fight for us. They must be armed, fed and clothed, cared for through sickness and wounds. This is the work of every individual as well as the Government.

It is the proud duty of the Bell System to coordinate its purpose and equipment to the other factors in our national industrial fabric, so that the manufacture and movement of supplies to our boys abroad be given right of way.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



Miladi Militaire

PRESTIGE
WALTHAM
ACCURACY

Unbreakable Glass

Why buy this particular watch with Unbreakable Glass? The means of holding in any Unbreakable Glass is of recent invention. The "Khaki" Glass which is non-explosive as well as unbreakable—is the only glass which is positively secure. The Double Clinch Bezel, patented Sept 11, 1917, holds the glass tight.

The "Miladi Militaire" has all the features of the military "Khaki" Watch; Non-explosive Unbreakable Glass; "No-Fuss" Straps; Radium Dial; "Cravenette" Finished Olive Drab Webbing.

Made by same firm which manufactures the "D-D" Khaki Watch for soldiers.

Write for history of "The Watch in the Trenches," and our new booklet "Miladi Militaire."



Whether buying the "Khaki" Watch for men or the "Miladi Militaire", insist on having the box in which the watch comes. You are sure then of obtaining the watch with the Non-explosive Unbreakable Glass and all the other exclusive features. All parts patented. The unbreakable glass is stamped on the edge with the name "Khaki", (Registered Trade Mark).



Sold by leading Watch Dealers

JACQUES DEPOLIER & SON
Manufacturers of High-Class Specialties for Waltham Watches
15 Maiden Lane, New York City, U. S. A.
DUBOIS WATCH CASE CO. Est. 1877

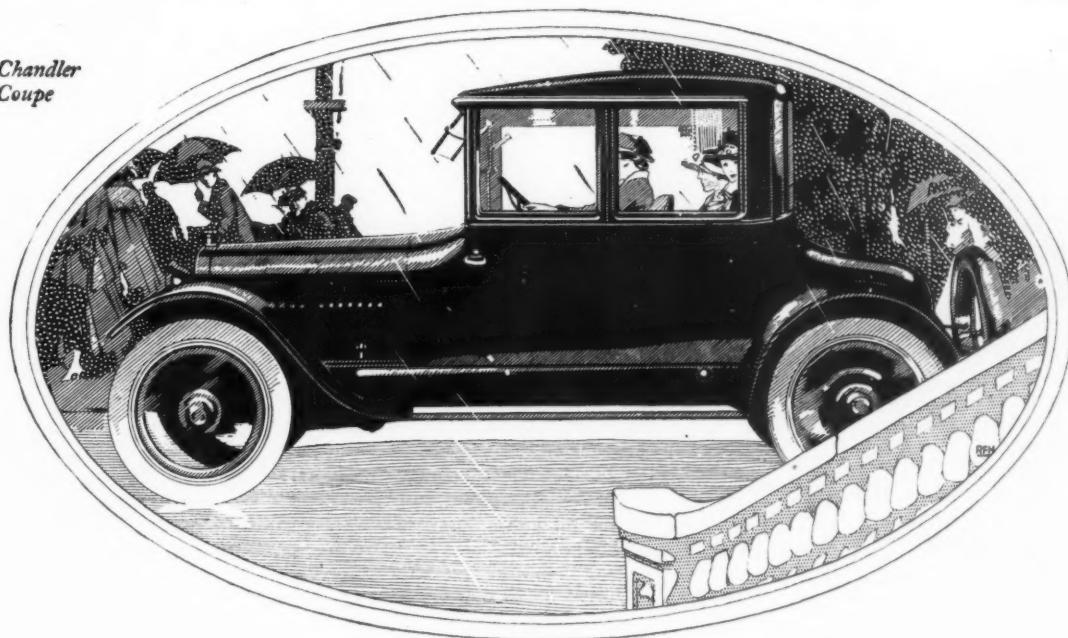
fit to be in, than the National Guard regiments. Someone who is competent to judge probably knows whether the Spartanburg troops or the Yaphank troops are better, but no one who knows is going to tell, except for the information of the military authorities. We shall see presently whether Yaphank or Spartanburg troops go to France first, but even that is not a sure test of forwardness, because the camp most needed may be emptied first. Yaphank troops and Spartanburg troops are especially comparable, because both come from the same state. If green troops under reserve officers work out better in the same space of time than militia troops under militia officers it will be worth knowing.

HOW to be happy though married was a question which roused considerable discussion some thirty-five years ago. About that time this periodical was established, and since then there has been no marital unhappiness in families who became regular subscribers to LIFE.

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor

Chandler
Coupe



You Will Appreciate the Comfort of a Chandler Coupe

FOR the beauty of its design and finish, for the protection it affords and for its extraordinary mechanical excellence, you will appreciate the ownership of a Chandler coupe.

Instantly convertible, this four-passenger Chandler model gives full four-season service, with equal comfort in all weather conditions. And it is, too, a safeguard to your good health.

With windows lowered away and window posts removed, you have a car fully as open

as a roadster with its top up. The quickness and ease, too, with which the windows may be placed in position—entirely enclosing the car—will please you. The body is most substantially constructed—built by Fisher—and stands the stress even of country roads. The upholstery is of a serviceable grey cloth material.

There is keen satisfaction in the full confidence you may feel in the famous Chandler chassis distinguished for its marvelous motor, upon which this coupe body is mounted.

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1595

Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1595

Four-Passenger Sport Model, \$1675

Convertible Sedan, \$2295

Convertible Coupe, \$2195

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Straightening Him Out

THE next morning—which chanced to be Sunday—Mr. Tillerton rose from a more or less sleepless couch, fully determined to settle a question that, for several weeks, had been uppermost in his mind.

When he had come in at eleven o'clock the evening before, he had heard the not uncommon sound of voices proceeding from his parlor. The light was low and the voices low, but Mr. Tillerton knew perfectly from whence they came; he knew that another young man—the fourth one that week—was calling upon his seventeen-year-old daughter, and he decided then and there that something ought to be done about it.

With haughty and imperious air, extending himself to his full height and throwing out his chest, he summoned his wife before him—that is to say, he did this in his mind. What he really and actually did was to sidle up to her deferentially after she had had her breakfast and say:

"Don't you think, my dear, something ought to be done about Maud?"

"In what way?"

"Well, these young men—they are coming pretty regularly—and it seems to me that some supervision ought to be exercised over her—she should be safeguarded."

"Maud knows."

"Ah! You think so. But I am a man of the world, and you are only a trusting, innocent mother. Believe me, something must be done."

Mr. Tillerton paused to take breath.

"I insist upon it," he said, as grandly as possible.

"You insist upon it?"

"Yes"—rather weakly.

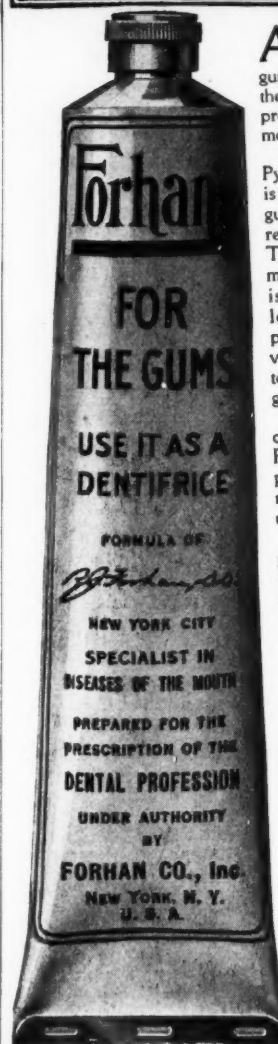
Mrs. Tillerton put down the woman's club thesis that she had been editing, surveyed her anxious husband composedly—and completely—for half a minute, and ringing the bell for the maid to summon Maud, replied:

"Very well. We might as well settle this thing now as at any other time. Just sit down and listen to what Maud has to say; and above all things, don't interrupt, because I am busy this morning and have only a limited amount of time to give to this affair."

Maud came.

"Now, Maud," said her mother, "your father here has displayed some nervousness about you, and of course you know as well as I do that when he gets uneasy—even when he tries to suppress it—it always has an unconscious effect upon the entire household, and with our responsibilities, we must restore him at once to his normal con-

Tender gums—a danger signal



AS sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

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In America -- An English Inn

dition. How many young men have you got under your control at present?"

"Four."

"Who is the first one who calls?"

"Allan Weggs. He comes Mondays. He's the ardent type; wants to hold my hand and all that sort of thing. Very useful, because he does all my errands for me during the week, and when he comes on Monday evenings, I rather enjoy his love-making, as it enables me to obtain a lot of psychological information at first hand that the text-books don't even adumbrate. Besides, he keeps me informed about the gossip of the neighborhood."

"Who is the next one?"

"Shirley Bolson. He comes Wednesdays. He's quite bright and amusing. Rather prides himself on being a flirt. Has a self-conscious ego, but no introspective qualities—all of which gives him confidence. He thinks that I care for him, but am so much a child at heart that I am afraid to let him kiss me. Poor boy! Later on, however, I look for some admirable qualities in him."

"Number three?"

"Freddie Freepaw. He's the athletic type. Always wins at basket-ball. Prides himself on his muscular development. Rather dull, but a splendid animal. He might make a good husband, unless, in some unexpected manner, he should develop his mind too much. This, however, is not probable. I cultivate him, as he gives me standing with the other girls. Besides, I look my best when I am walking with him, and you know,



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MEASURING UP TO HIS RESPONSIBILITY

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

mamma, as I grow older, I shall have to consider these details more and more."

"Yes, my child; quite so. And number four?"

"Jimmy Kosely. He's the silent sort—and serious! Dear me, his devotion is really pathetic, and unrelieved by the slightest ray of humor. No small talk—but strong on character."

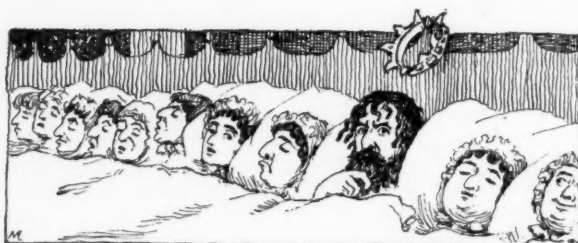
"How do you stand him?"

"Well, one never can tell. I do it on principle. In a few more years he may develop just the right traits to become companionable; that type often does. He is young yet. Give him time. At any rate, I keep him along, as a sort of background."

"These are all, I believe, at present."

"Yes, mamma."

"Thank you, my child." Mrs. Tillerton turned to her husband.



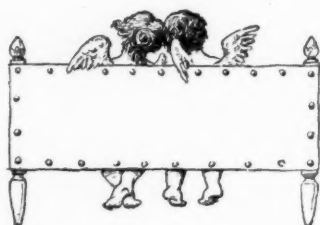
"Why, King Solomon, who was wiser than anybody, had seven hundred wives."

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DROWSY

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"Are you satisfied," she said severely, "that Maud knows how to take care of herself?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Tillerton, twisting uneasily in his seat. "I hope you will forgive me—"

"Oh, yes, I'll forgive you; but please don't let these outbreaks occur any oftener than absolutely necessary. They use up energy that Maud and I ought to expend on the more vital questions of life." T. L. M.



"For men must work and women must weep"

The Week-end of Solomon Grundy

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Burned coal on Monday;
Ate beefsteak on Tuesday—
And biscuit on Wednesday;
Wouldn't buy a bond on Thursday;
Bought new clothes on Friday;
Took a train on Saturday
For a trip over Sunday—
And that was the end of Solomon Grundy.
J. R. H.

How to Look at Hardships

HARDSHIPS, like cabinet photographs, seldom impress any two people in the same way. The pampered daughter of a millionaire would consider that she was undergoing hardships of the most severe nature if she were forced to hook her own evening gown up the back and make herself a cup of coffee on a gas range. The same operations, however, would represent the height of luxury to the daughter of a Tennessee mountaineer. If the good people of to-day should be forced to live for a few weeks as did the Pilgrim Fathers, their cries of anguish would be heard across the continent. If the Pilgrim Fathers could look in on us when we were suffering our bitterest hardships of meatlessness, wheatlessness, coallessness and worklessness, they would fall to their knees and pray that we might be delivered from the lap of luxury and the curse of soft living. There are plenty of ways of proving that our hardest hardships will really be rather soft.

WITH so much futile gnashing of teeth, first at the Bolsheviks and then at the German invaders, there ought to be big war profits for dentists.

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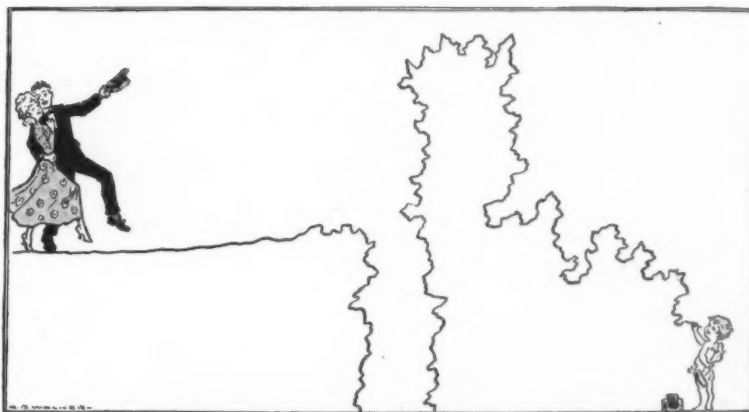
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"I DON'T MIND THE MEATLESS TUESDAYS, BUT THERE'S NO SENSE IN THESE BONELESS WEDNESDAYS."

French Babies

(Continued from page 478)

2046. Raymonde Reiminger. Marjorie Boochever, New York City.
2096. Fernande Richard. "In memory of Kerie Carson."
2065. Francois Rolland. Mrs. Benito Forbes Smith.
1995. Germaine Rouyat. Edwin S., Jr., William A. and Olivia Jarrett.
1967. Marie Jeanne Rul. Several contributors.
2094. Marcelle Sieg. Gordon Chase Streeter.
2071. Bernard Tapie. Several contributors.
1982. Georgette Texier. Harry Addison Kuhn.
1978. André Tonnellier. Harry Addison Kuhn.

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2054. Armand Touzard. Theresa W. Gratwick.
2052. Jean Sanlaville. Mrs. Helen S. Forbes.
2020. Roger Vandercuile. The Sons of the American Revolution, San Francisco, Cal.
2044. Raymond Veuillequez. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Schoen.
1979. Robert Vilmouth. Harry Addison Kuhn.
2115. Yvonne Wolf. Several contributors.
2100. Roger Masselin. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brownell.
2001. Louisette Masson. "In memory of Harriet Merritt Moore." F., H., E., M., and K.
1969. Georges Mathiot. Mr. and Mrs. Dean C. Worcester.

2079. Raymond Mauveaux. Miami Valley Lodge, No. 20, American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.
2104. Luce Mercier. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sneddon.
1977. Léopold Morel. Harry Addison Kuhn.

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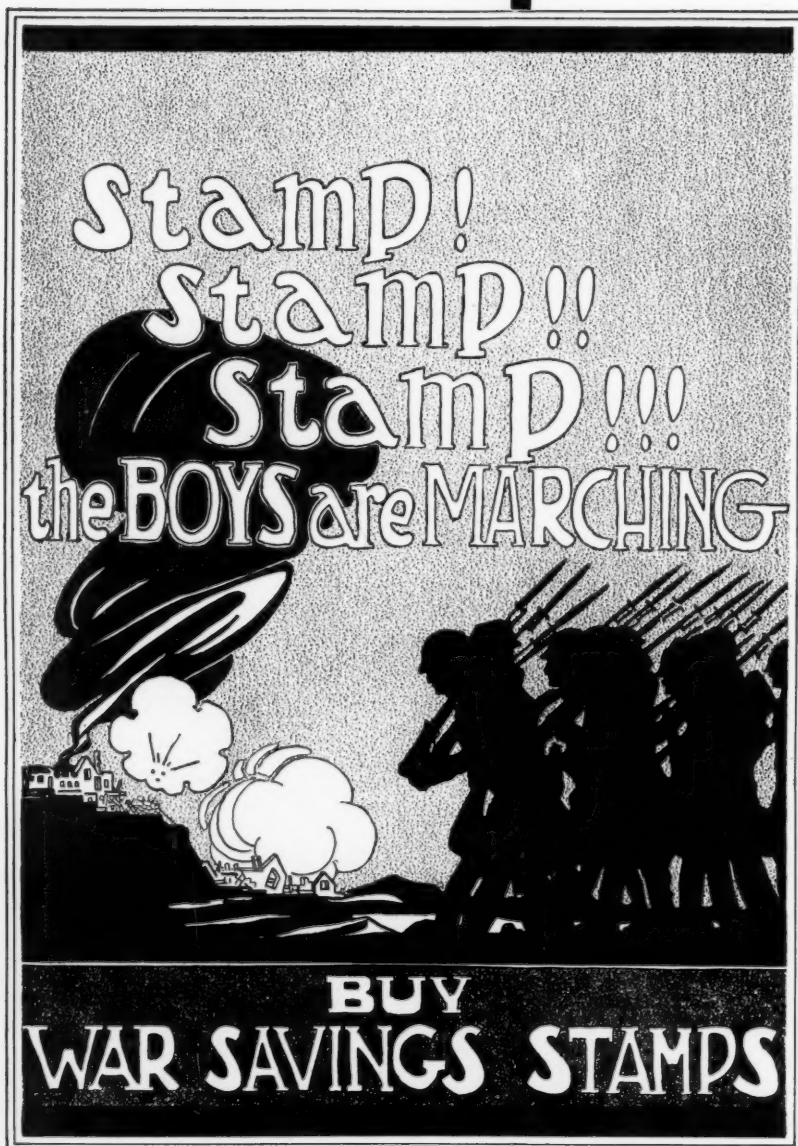
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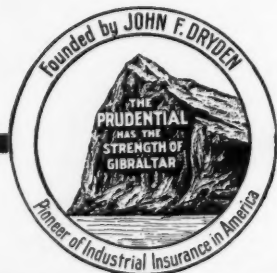
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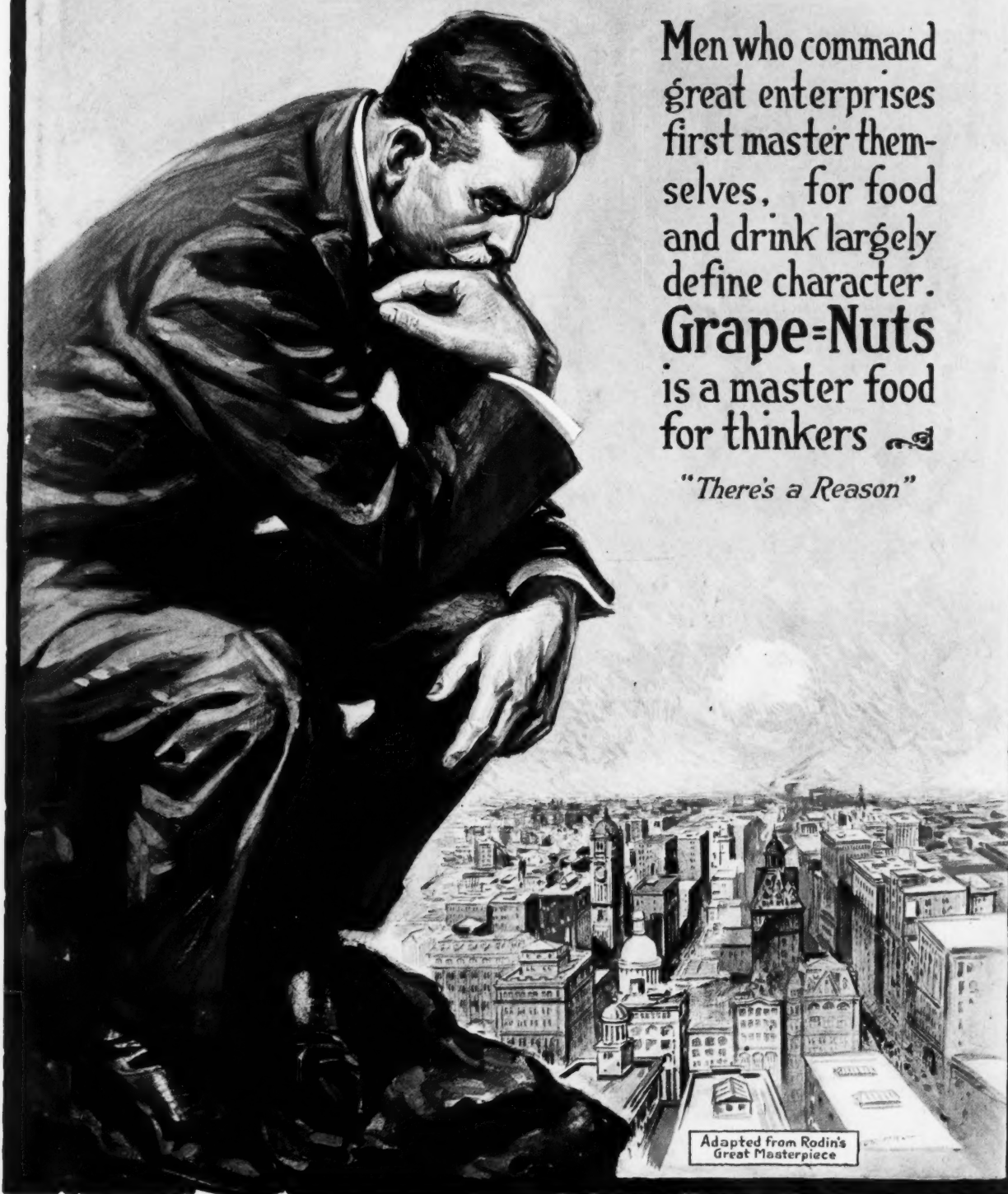


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